



DEC CHRISTMAS NUMBER NO. 2461

1931
The
PRICE
10¢

WAR CRY
CANADA EAST



Territorial
Headquarters
JAMES &
ALBERT
STREETS
TORONTO

1931

The Message of the Bells

Words and Music by
Allegro. M. 22

HENRY EAST



Once a-gain, with Christmas greet-ing, Bells, ring out your gladsome ohime;

Ban-ish sadness, wee and weep-ing, Ring of love di-vine! Ring your loudest,

sweetest, truest; There are some on beds of pain, Ring to reach them with glad tidings,

CHORUS
rit. f a tempo
Christ has come to reign! Hear the bells! the chiming bells! List the tale their music tells!

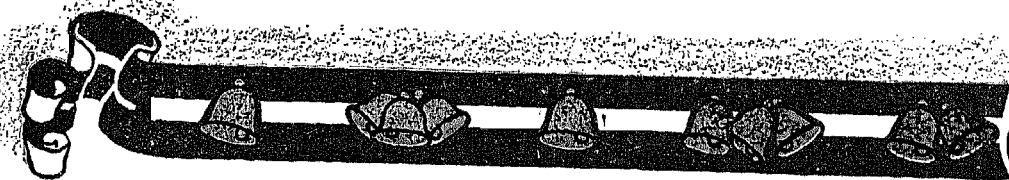
mf
Of a Saviour in a manger born! Peace on earth, good-will they ring,

mf
Sons of men, a-dore your King! 'Tis the message sung this Christmas morn.

Yet again ring out the story, peal it forth with
joyous mirth.
How a dark world has been lighted by an Infant's
birth.
Of the shepherds' watch be telling, when the
angels did appear,
Bearing tidings to all people; words of holy cheer.

Ring, ye bells! and let your chiming bear the
news to sinful men;
God in human form appeared, born in Bethlehem!
Tell how Jesus left His Glory for a lowly manger
bed.
Let the message of your music through the wide
world spread.

Ring, bells, ring your sweetest music, as ye rang
o'er Bethlehem's plain,
Earth is waiting for this message—Jesus comes
again!
Ring, till lands now wrapt in darkness echo with
the glad refrain—
He, who came in manger lowly, cometh soon to
reign!



The FOUNDER and the-FELON

When the Vision of a Jail Scene was Awakened at a Word

"I F EVER you are disposed to term anything a Godsend, take another look at it. Be sure!" A grim kind of smile broke over the speaker's face; his listeners took advantage of the opportunity to move about in their seats and to chuckle audibly. The warders eyed their charges suspiciously.

Lincoln Jail, the chapel crowded with prisoners, and General William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army, in the pulpit.

Such is the picture which floats to the surface from the depths of the memory of a respected Canadian citizen, as he sits in deep reverie before the stove in his comfortable home. The snow-white hair crowning the benign figure of the Founder, his flowing silvery beard, the "scrape" of his deep-voice—these are very real to the ageing man in the rocker. But he recalls another sentence which fell so impressively from the lips of the Prophet of the Poor. "I'll stand your friend," said he, in closing his appeal that on release they should try again; and he offered the invitation to any who cared to avail themselves of the aid of The Army.

How it all comes back to this man by the stove! It might have been but yesterday that it had happened.

A knock at the door. Out of the night comes the snowy form of "The War Cry" interviewer. And this is the story which fell upon his ears, and into his note-book, and is now re-told for the first time:

"I came of a good middle-class family; had a decent education; worked my way up to a responsible position in the office of a great Midland manufacturing firm, and then—played the fool! Horses led to faked books, and I went to prison. On my release I was too ashamed to face my people, or native town, but with the help of one or two whom I had met in jail, I made a suspicious living. Several other terms of imprisonment followed and then, near the Christmas of 1908, I entered Lincoln Jail. How could I know what a difference that sentence was going to make?

"During my stay here General Booth visited the prison and offered us a helping hand. I formed the resolution that, however I managed it, I would never be a burglar or purse-snatcher again, but would try to earn an honest living.

"When I had been 'out' about four months, roaming the country in places where I was not known, seeking employment, but finding nothing permanent, I found myself, the night before Christmas Eve, outside the Casual ward at Barnet, just outside London, seeking admittance.

"A man, whose face I could see through a pigeon-hole, asked me my name, age, profession, and the district in which I had slept on the previous night, and then the door was opened by a workhouse inmate who, after closing the door, showed me the way to the Tramps' Waiting Room.

Imprisoned in a Guiltless Jail

"Oh, the thud of that door! I was again a prisoner, this time in a guiltless jail. Three narrow forms stood around the sides of the room and on these sat ten men who were either undressed or naked. What could this mean? Had I strayed by error into the Imbecile Ward? Where were the attendants of these poor fellows? One by one they rose and disappeared. Presently:

"Hi, you—the Duke of Marble Arch! You—!" With a shock I realized that a man standing in a doorway across the room was speaking to me.

"I beg your pardon," I gasped.

"Oh, chuck it, get your clothes off. Other tramps want a bath after you!"

"So that was why the men had undressed, and I must do the same. Mechanically I began to obey and had got my collar and tie, coat and vest removed, when the bully re-appeared.

"Not ready yet? Order bring your vallets with yer, some o' yer. Come on, now; no hanky-panky. Hurry!" And he vanished once more.

"Why should I bear this? What had I done that I should be treated so? I thought. Hurriedly donning my coat and vest, and snatching up my collar and tie, I rushed from the room.

"Open the door!" I gritted into the ear of the old man who stood with his hand on the bolt of the big outer door.

"For a moment I was afraid he would refuse and that I must use force.

"Come on," I added threateningly; 'quick, open the door or—'

"Orlright, guvner," he answered, and obeyed.

"Through the night, with its rain and its cold, I

trudged on into the heart of the City of London.

"About an hour after midnight I met a man limping along Bishopsgate. He looked me over and asked: 'Nowhere to go, cully?'

"You've struck it!" I responded wearily; 'and I could sleep standing up, but for the pain in my empty stomach.'

"Come along with me! See this ticket? They give 'em away on the Embankment, but it's too late for you to go there now. It's good for soup and a wash. P'raps the bloke will let two of us in on one ticket; if he won't, I'll give you mine. I was in last night!"

Transcended by Soup

"Close at hand was a Salvation Army Shelter. My friend questioned the doorkeeper, who said, 'I'll ask the Lootenant.' That Officer was evidently agreeable, for the next thing I knew I was holding a pint bowl of soup and a large piece of bread, and making for a seat. About me some two hundred others slumbered, making a hideous discord; but I had no time or attention for the 'music,' my whole being was transcended by the odor and flavor of that soup. What a meal it was! Then I slept; waking later to hear a kindly voice saying:

"If I were you, I'd get my wash now, before the others rush for the bowls! What a treat it was to soak in clean warm water! By the kindness of one of the men I was able to brush my boots and clothes, and the inside of a boot-box cover made an excellent substitute for a shirt front, whereupon I looked fairly presentable. Through the next day I wandered about, still vainly searching for employment, but Christmas evening began to draw in, and the effects of my midnight meal to wear off. I craved for food. Finding myself on the famous Blackfriars Bridge, I was looking at the murky waters of the Thames running beneath, when strange thoughts began to surge through my mind. Hope suddenly died in me. I felt it go out of existence, as it seemed to me. Then my mind ranged—almost impersonally, to my great surprise—over my case. I had so far been faithful to my determination made in the presence of General Booth, but it seemed that honesty did not pay in this life. Surely, if I ushered myself into a new life, rather than go wrong here again . . . Suddenly a cheery voice hailed me.

"Hello, my gay villain, thinking of taking a swim? Too cold, my boy—too cold!" I looked up with a start to recognize 'Swift' Symons—a swell mobman I had met in prison.

"You look pretty hard up," he exclaimed.

"I am!" said I.

"Can't understand why," he went on, 'I thought you were fairly smart and would improve with practice. Suppose you come with me. We'll have a good time over Christmas.' And he showed me a handful of sovereigns.

"My friendless prospect; the suspicious police who watched my every movement; my futile search for honest employment—all these things flashed through my mind. Then, with a spasm of pain, my stomach suddenly yearned for food. Grasping my companion's arm I said:

"Swift," I'm starving, you are a perfect Godsend.'

"But I could not say more! That word, Godsend, seemed to be repeating itself in my mind. Why? In a flash I knew! Until this moment I had completely forgotten that General Booth had uttered it, that day in Lincoln Jail. He said, 'If ever you are disposed to term anything a Godsend, take another look at it. Be sure!' And he smiled a grim kind of smile. So I looked again. I could see him, too, and at that moment I be-thought me of my vow made at that time. Without allowing myself an in-

stant's delay, I turned away from him and bolted.

"If I die for it I must keep straight," I gasped as I ran.

"A policeman who had been watching me gave chase, and I feared it was all up. Then, as I turned down the Embankment, I cannoned into an Army Officer who said:

"Hold up, old man.' Instantly the policeman's hand dropped on my shoulder and my heart missed a beat.

"What's the matter, Officer?" asked the Salvationist, whom I recognized as the Lootenant of the night before.

"Suspicious character," gasped the breathless policeman.

"Nothing more?"

"Not that I know of. Saw him running, that's all!"

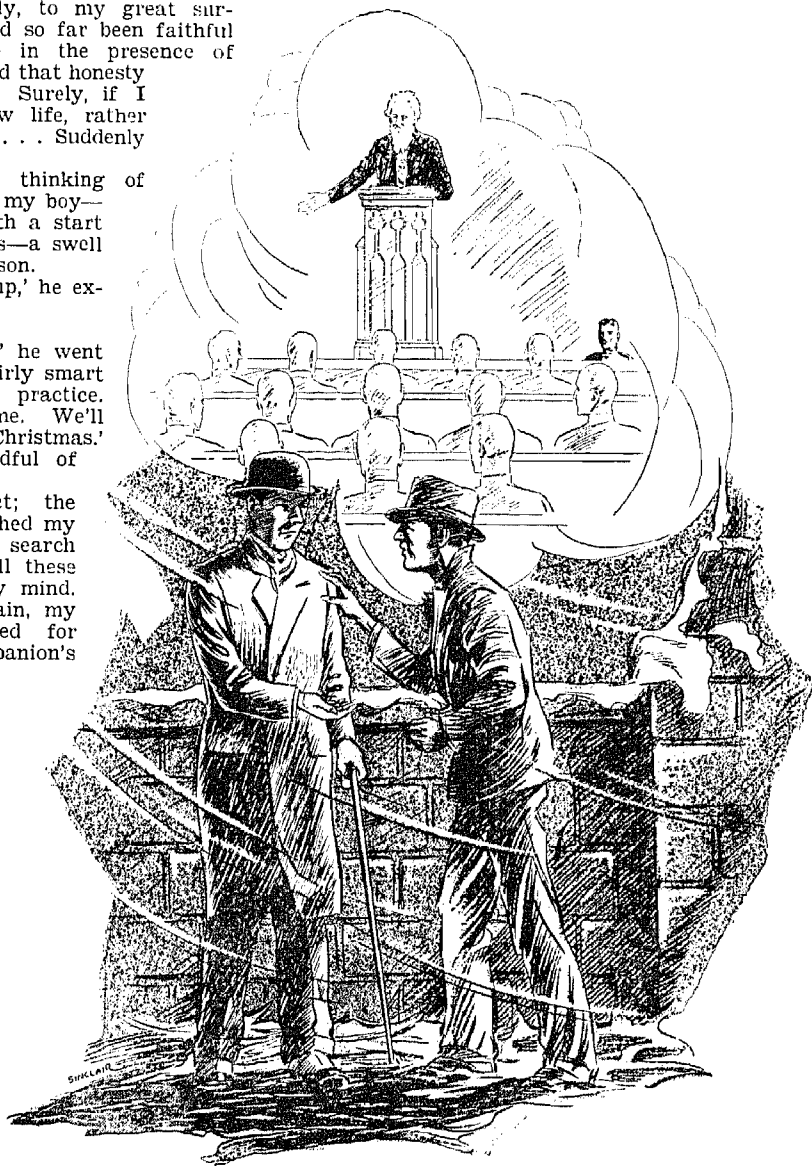
"Will you leave him with me?"

"Yes, if you like; but I doubt he'll do you, somehow."

"I'll risk that. Come along, old chap.' He took me to the same place off Bishopsgate; and without asking any questions put a big meal before me . . . To make a long story short, let me say they gave me a chance; sent me down to the Hadleigh Colony; got me safely set on my feet again; taught me to love the Friend of sinners.

Harvesting Honest Fruits

"In due time it was suggested that I could do better in Canada, and The Army helped me across. To-day, my character long since restored, I am living on the fruits of honest industry harvested since coming to this country. But I often wonder where I should be now if I had not recalled the words of the Founder and bolted from 'Swift' Symons on that memorable Christmas Eve."—U. R. DE ROTI.



He remembered General Booth's words in that jail



They called him GENTLEMAN JACK An intensely-touching Australian Christmas Reunion

Told by Eucalypt

THERE was no accounting for Gentleman Jack. Just why, when he had been surrounded from infancy with religious influences, he should have turned out such a waster, no one could understand. Jack's parents were pious folk, and his brothers and sisters followed in their parents' footsteps. But Jack, when only in his 'teens, showed a tendency towards the devil's service.

At nineteen he was an inveterate smoker, and well on the way towards being a drunkard. Gambling and immorality were fast becoming habitual sins.

That he was a grief to his mother was very evident; nevertheless, in spite of the heart-ache he caused her, Jack was her best-loved child.

Strange to relate, he was popular with both religious and non-religious folk. His bright wit and his cheery good nature attracted people to him.

He was clever, too. With his advantages and his capabilities he ought to have made a name for himself. In a way he did. So notorious a character did he become that he had to leave his University when doing third year medicine.

He was always known by the name of Gentleman Jack, for, even when he was in his most drunken and hilarious moods, there was always an air of refinement about him.

His mother died of a broken heart. On the Christmas Eve when she passed away, Jack saw her for a few moments alone, ere she breathed her last.

"Meet me in Heaven, my son," she had faintly whispered to him. Jack had gulped down a sob, and had then left the house. He did not even attend the funeral. He felt he wanted to get miles away from his old associates. He went to the Western goldfields, and there tried to make good. For two years he lived a fairly respectable life, the memory of his mother's death seemed to hold him in check. Then, bit by bit, he went from bad to worse. He failed to get work, and work meant money, and money meant whisky. In desperation Jack took to prospecting, and spent many weary years at it. Sometimes he was flush with money, but more often he was penniless.

One hot day in December, Gentleman Jack, whom no one would have recognized in the bleary-

eyed old man, knocked at the front door of an Army Children's Home in the goldfields. His boots were worn through and dusty, his clothes were almost green with age. He wore a straw boater hat that was worn with dirt.

An Army Officer, fresh and bright in her neat, well-known uniform, opened the door in answer to his knock.

"Good afternoon," said Jack, "may I see the Matron for a few moments—that is, if she is not too busy?"

"I'm sorry, but the Matron is out at present. Could I do anything for you?"

Gentleman Jack fumbled with his fingers for a few minutes before replying. "Well, Miss, the truth of the matter is that I'm starving. I've had no food all the week, and something prompted me to come here and ask for a piece of bread."

"Come inside, and sit down for a few moments. I will get you something straight away."

Jack tried to explain where his camping place was, but the Officer told him he could talk when he had eaten.

In a very short time she reappeared with a tray neatly set with a meal. "This she placed on the hall table. "Now, draw your chair up, and while you eat I will make a parcel of food for you."

"I'm not an imposter, Miss," Jack said when he rose to thank her. "I was ill and hungry. My own fault I know."

The Officer smiled a sad little smile. "One has only to look at the clean plates to know you were hungry. You will find enough food in this parcel to last you over the week-end; then on Monday, you must go to the hospital."

"To think that I should come to this," Jack muttered to himself, when he returned to his camp and opened the parcel.

"Fancy giving a wretch like me butter, and eggs, and fresh bread—a stale loaf was all I expected, and perhaps a bit of dripping thrown in—but some women are good. That woman reminds me of mother. Gosh, I wish she were alive now, I'd just fly to her!"

Christmas Eve had ushered in a stifling hot night. Most of the patients in the public hospital had scarcely slept. Gentleman Jack had not once closed his eyes. Try as he would, he could not shut out the vision of years ago, when his mother had entreated him to meet her in Heaven. By 4 a.m. a refreshing breeze stole into the wards, bringing with it a faint whisper of melody.

Gentleman Jack wondered whence the music was coming.

"Nurse," he called, "am I dreaming or not?"

Can you hear singing in the distance? It sounds like children's voices, I think."

"No, you are not dreaming," the nurse assured Jack. "The girls from The Army Home are out carolling. We expect them to visit here in about a quarter of an hour. Try not to fall asleep."

Punctual to the moment, the carollers arrived outside the ward where Jack lay.

As the clear, fresh voices of the girls floated through the wards, many a weary sufferer relaxed from the tension of pain, and wiped an unbidden tear away.

"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing"—"Oh, come all ye faithful"—"Christians Awake"—as the girls sweetly sang, these carols carried their message to many hearts.

Gentleman Jack felt that some unseen power had him in its grip. His soul was touched. As "Rock of Ages" was sung in closing, Jack prayed—the first prayer since his mother's death—"O God save me," he cried, in agony. His prayer was brief; but the peace of God came into his soul as the day was breaking.

Three Christmases passed. An Officer was visiting the wards of an institution with Christmas "War Cry," when she noticed, in the corner bed an old man, who was very agitated. She went over to speak to him.

"You are the lady who gave me the bread and butter and eggs in Kalgoorlie. I know you are," he said as he grasped her hand. "I've come here to die, and I'm just waiting till the good Lord calls me."

The Officer, during her conversation with the old man, discovered that none of his brothers or sisters ever visited him. "They do not know that I am converted," he told her.

Without mentioning the fact to Jack, the Officer inquired from the committee the address of Jack's people. She then visited them, and pleaded for Jack. They were inclined to disbelieve—"Jack had been too vile a sinner," they said; they could not forgive him.

"His Lord has forgiven him; who are you that you should hold back?" the Officer at length remarked.

Before Gentleman Jack went to meet his Saviour, the brothers and sisters gathered at his bedside, and knelt there in prayer. The eldest sister said:

"Mother asked you to meet her in Heaven, Jack. Thank God, you will not have to disappoint her."

"Yes," muttered Jack. "Thank God for saving such a wreck, and thank The Army children and the Officer for helping me to Him."



"You will find enough food in this parcel"

TO THOSE who have knowledge and a sympathy for suffering, Java and blindness have come to be almost synonymous terms, for blindness is everywhere in Java. When The Salvation Army had its attention called to this Dutch possession in the East Indies the need of prompt action was immediately appreciated. 'Tis a romantic story of how that need was met; pity 'tis we have not room to tell it, but the fact is this: A Danish surgeon was moved to offer his services to The Army at just this juncture; he was gladly accepted; became an Army Officer, and quickly got to work.

For a little while the people feared the necessary operations. Then the joy and praise of the few who had had the courage to undergo treatment brought hundreds of others seeking aid.

"These Salvation Army people work only for the love of their God and pity for us," was reported

EYES THAT SEE AGAIN

Truly Christlike Work of Salvationists Amongst Javanese—
Light in Darkness

by word from one end to the other of the country, and in they flocked, Javanese, Chinese, Indo-Europeans, Arabians, and numbers of Europeans. There were rich and poor together.

Despite the fact that at the beginning accommodation was limited, in four years nearly 5,000 persons were treated; there were 133,778 consultations, and 2,421 operations performed. One of these concerned a girl who sat and mourned in her hut for five days, unable to eat or properly sleep, because she had been told that her eyes were incurable.

On the sixth night she dreamed as she lay exhausted on the floor. She thought two men, one

a European and one a Javanese, entered her hut.

"Go to the East," said they, "and be healed." On waking she ran to her father. "Oh, father, take me to the East and my eyes will be healed!" By

constant pleading she prevailed on him to take her to the first large town towards the East.

Almost as soon as they entered, her inquiries were answered by a recital of cures effected at The Salvation Army Hospital. Thither she went, and there the operation needed was performed.

While in the hospital she was converted. "I cannot do much, but I will do Your will!" she told God in her prayer. Leaving the hospital with restored sight and the joy of the Lord in her heart, she took a Gospel in Javanese with her to read to herself and all she met. Five patients from her village soon came to the hospital. They were all cured.



Below (left): A West African chief is seen worshipping his idols; (right): An Army Officer points him to Jesus.



Below: A hopeful pair hang their expectant Christmas stockings



A Bethlehem shepherd boy, taking shelter in a grotto such as the old-time shepherds used.

"**B**UT," pleaded the Salvationist, forgetting, in her earnestness, to ring her bell, as she stood by one of The kettles, "you'll take them back, won't you? You won't like yourself, you know, if you do things like that!"

The little newsboy refused to meet her eyes. "I don't like myself now!" he retorted, sullenly, "but I've got to get even some way!"

"You never stole papers before, did you?"

"No, but they 'swipe' mine. I know Mike took those six from me to-day. And I'll have to pay for them, and that means that mother and I won't eat to-night. No; I've got to get even, that's all!"

It was on the tip of the Salvationist's tongue to say, "Take them back, Pete, and I'll pay you for them," but something stopped her. She mustn't make it too easy for him to do what was right. But oh, he must take them back! He had never been dishonest before, she knew, but if he kept the papers this time, next time it would be so much easier, and by and by and by his eyes would not look at the world so straightforwardly. It was so easy for some of these boys to steal! There was one, especially, an older boy, who thought it was only clever to outwit the others. But Pete was different, she knew, for she had watched them, and made friends with all the boys on the corner where she was stationed.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "You must help him!"

Someone engaged her in conversation just then, and the newsboy darted in pursuit of a prospective customer. Presently he was back, with his face still clouded. The Salvationist tried again. "Your mother wouldn't like it if she knew, would she?"

"No; she needs the money awful bad, but I guess she'd rather starve."

A Christmas Collector does some Personal Work with a Street-corner "Newsie"

He was off again, stopping to snatch a bundle of papers from his pile as he went.

The Salvationist watched him unhappily. It seemed as if all the joy had gone from her day, and she had enjoyed so much these days with the kettles—enjoyed watching the people passing—some smiling back at her in friendly fashion, some frowning, "as if," she thought amusedly to herself, "they thought I should be exterminated!" Some stopped to give her an encouraging word with their donation, but not a few to tell their troubles and to ask for help or advice.

The first day the newsboys had watched her somewhat shyly for awhile, then they had unanimously accepted her as a pal, generously shared with her their occasional treats, and joyously entered into competition to see which would get the most customers. "Aw!" one of them would growl, in pretended displeasure, "that old guy woulda bought a paper if you hadn't got all his money!"

Often their comments on human nature were diverting.

"Say!" one lively youngster declaimed as if he had made an important discovery. "Did you notice it isn't the dames in the swell furs and satin dresses that puts their money in the kettle? It's the kids, and the ladies in year-before-last coats that looks like they might have a bunch of kids at home, and the guys hurrying to work."

But not all of the newsies were honest. Mike, an older boy, was always watching a chance to steal papers from the others, and the day before the fair-haired little chap, the boys called Pete, had told her that he had lost all of his profit because someone had "swiped" some of his papers when he was off looking for a customer. "Mother and I won't have much to eat to-night," he told the Salvationist, regretfully; "I'll have to pay for all those papers."

To-day it had happened again, and Pete's boyish whistle had been silent since noon. Half an hour ago the Salvationist had seen him come around the corner with a bundle of papers, which he deposited, almost angrily, on top of his own. Wonderingly she had watched him, and when his usually candid eyes persistently refused to meet hers, it had dawned on her that he had stolen the papers from some other boy to "get even" for losing his own.

So it seemed that all the sunshine had gone from her day. Oh, he must take the papers back, he must! She looked toward the corner where he had disappeared, but he was nowhere in sight. Tears blurred her eyes for a moment, and she couldn't see the people passing by, and her smile and "Thank you," when a coin dropped in the kettle were only mechanical. Then, someone seized her string of swell sleigh bells on a strap and rang them lustily, and she looked around to see Pete grinning up at her in his old teasing way.

"You did take them back!" she exulted; "I'm so glad!"

"Uh—huh, it felt worse than bein' hungry, takin' something that wasn't mine, and you wouldn't smile at me any more." He caught sight of the tears in her eyes. "Gee!" he marvelled, "you really cared, didn't you? But I won't ever do it again," he promised, earnestly; "I—I didn't like myself, like you said. Gee! I'd better hustle now. I've got to pay for them papers!"

Before the Salvationist went home that night she found Pete, and pressed a coin in his hand. "You must take it," she insisted; "it will be my Christmas present to you."

Next day the workers on the corner—newsies and Salvationists—were lighthearted again. In the afternoon Pete caught sight of a gentle-faced woman approaching, and rushed to meet her; proudly he led her to where the Salvationist was ringing her bells. "Mother," he said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine!"

"I've heard all about you," said the woman, with a smile that threatened to turn tearful; "my boy told me last night, so I hurried and got my washings delivered, and came down town on purpose to thank you. Pete is all I have, and I have always prayed that he would always be straight and honest, and I know the Lord must have sent you to take care of him when he was tempted. If his father had lived," she went on, "he would never have had to work like this, but he hates to see me washing, and just can hardly wait till he's old enough to take care of me."

"It won't be long now, mother," promised the boy, doing a jig in front of the kettle, to the amusement of the passers-by. Gladly he seized the Salvationist's jingle-bells, and rang them loudly. "Come on, folks," he cried, "dig into the old pocket-book! Keep the pot a-boilin'!"



MINDING the KETTLE—and MORE

Christ the Dayspring from on High

By the General

A NOTHER BIRTHDAY!

How quickly they seem to come—to some of us! We almost wish it were possible to forget them, in the vain hope that failure to remember them might, in some miraculous fashion, also cause the years to fail to make their mark upon our physical frame and mental powers.

But one Birthday we never wish to forget! It is the Birthday of Him upon Whom the passage of the centuries has never made any impression. He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever! He changeth not. His freshness, His beauty, His power, His glory, His love, His voice, His word are to-day as ever they were, unaltered by the rolling centuries, unimpaired by the fast-speeding years. JESUS, Whose short life on earth made the deepest, the most miraculous, the most abiding impression ever made on the world's history—it is of Him we think at Christmas, of Him that to-day the world will sing the age-long anthem of peace and good-will among men; in hundreds of languages will be offered to Him the adoration and praise of countless millions.

Indeed, He is One whom men cannot forget

We should, of course, remember Jesus every day, but there are some days in every year on which we specially think of Him, and the Anniversary of His birth is certainly one of them. Indeed, He is One Whom men cannot forget. If into one great library could be gathered all that has been written in celebration of the birthday of Jesus, what innumerable volumes it would contain! For nearly two thousand years, as each Christmas has come, new sermons have been preached, new articles written, new pictures painted, new music composed, and new worshippers have joined in the paeans of praise which increase in volume as the years pass by.

Zacharias, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, speaking of the yet unborn Christ, described Him as "the dayspring"—or day-dawn—"from on High." What a splendid figure of speech! What a fitting description of the Saviour! The world had been long in darkness and wonderment, looking for the coming of Him Who should repair the damage done by the blighting influence of the Fall; and here, out of the cold gloom of that long night of waiting, comes this intimation that the Day is about to dawn.

How often has new hope been made to spring in the despairing breast of a lost traveller, or a drifting mariner, by the bare announcement that day was breaking! What encouragement the first pale streaks of dawn in the morning sky have given to those who, through a long night, have watched the flickering pulse of life in some loved one for whose recovery they have watched and waited and prayed! The first shaft of light in the eastern sky, bespeaking the coming of day, has acted as a tonic to the tired, overwrought watchers, for daybreak speaks of hope.

Zacharias described the people of his day as "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." They were to a large extent ignorant of God; ignorant of the purity of His law; ignorant as to the awful nature and consequences of sin; ignorant as to the true sources of happiness; ignorant regarding the future. It was to dispel that darkness that Jesus came, as dawn comes to dispel the darkness of the night.

Dawn of a smiling morn, with gentle glory flooding

God shows this poor world His tender mercy by the manner in which He visits it. He does not come to us in Christ and in His Holy Spirit as a raging tempest, or as when He came from Paran with ten thousand of His holy ones, in all the pomp and majesty of His fiery law. In Christ He has come to men like as it were the dawn of a smiling morn whose gentle glory floods the world with light and warmth and joy. Has it not been so with most of us? He ended the long dark night of our sin and misery, not as with a blinding and terrifying flash of lightning, or as the sudden flaming of a meteor across the night sky, but with the tender grace of the dawn, as of a "light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Zacharias's choice of language is very significant, and full of beautiful and uplifting suggestions. He speaks of the dayspring from on high "visiting" us, which suggests the act of a friend. If I visit my friend, my visit is a mark of my friendship and affection. And is it not thus that Jesus has come to us? He came as a Light, as the Dayspring, dispersing the dark clouds of sin and unbelief, and making clear to us the purposes of God for us. But has He not come in a nearer, more personal way, as a Friend? A Friend in our distresses? A Friend in our disappointments? A Friend in our loneliness? A Friend in our sorrows? A Friend in our bereavements? A Friend in our bewilderments? What a divine fellowship has been brought to those who have opened their hearts to the Dayspring from on High!

Jesus, the Son of God, has visited us for two specific reasons, and to produce two definite effects: To give us light, and to guide our feet.

What wonderful work Jesus is able to do in the individual heart! This Christmas season He is still the Dayspring, still able and willing to give Light to those who "sit in darkness." Is

there someone reading this who could so be described? Are you, my brother, my sister, "sitting in darkness"—and becoming accustomed to it? Within your reach are those beautiful things of the Spirit which are the outcome of the Salvation which Christ brings; the rich fruits of moral power and spiritual character that are known only to hearts and lives vitalized

by the Saviour of Whose birth we are reminded again at Christmas.

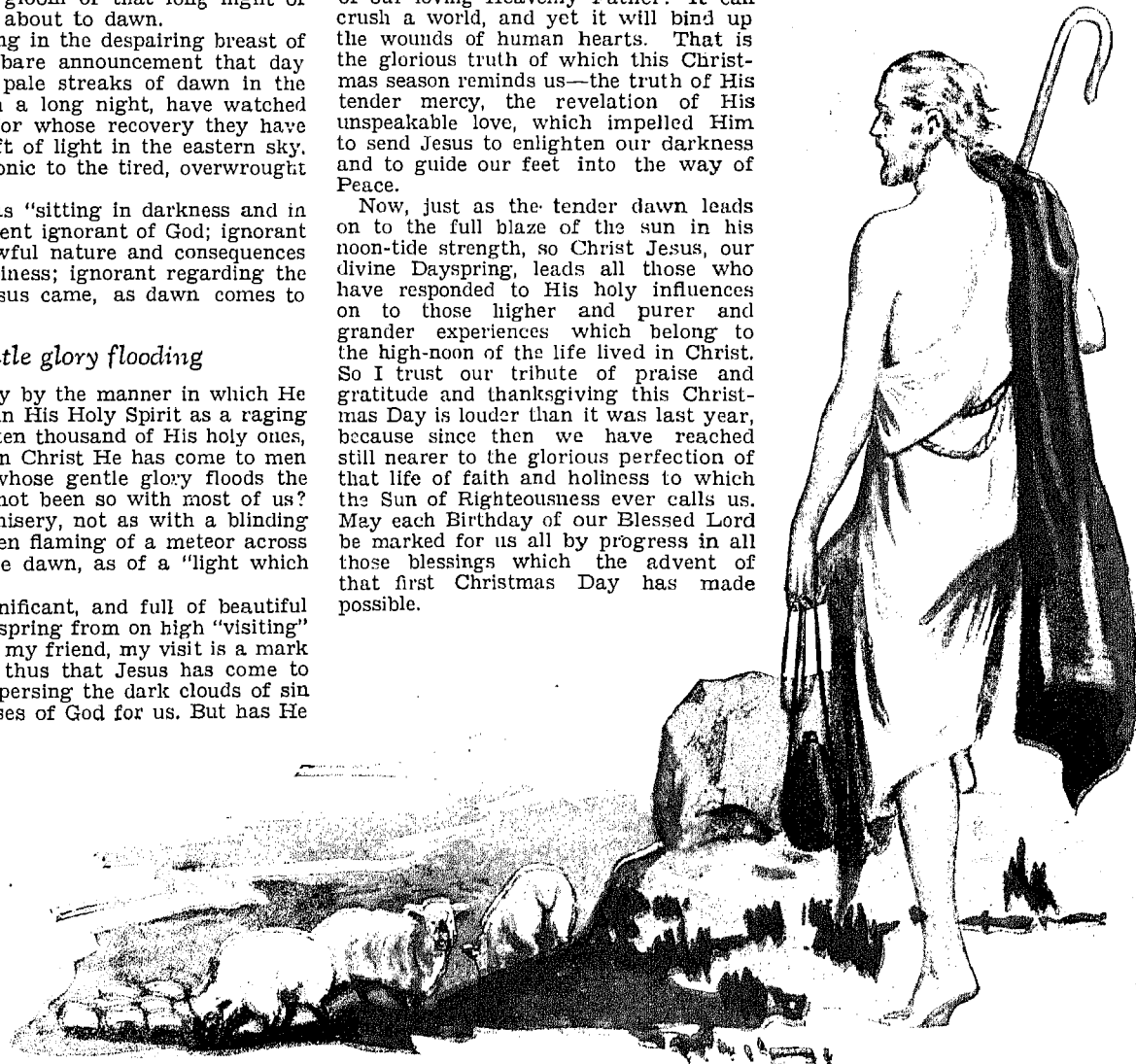
But it may be that, because of the darkness which envelops your soul, nothing of the moral beauty that thrills others is able to thrill you. You, maybe, taste nothing of the Fruits of that Tree of Life to which others owe the sustenance of their spiritual nature. To you, once again, He comes as the Dayspring from on High, and, if you will but remove the barriers, the light of the dawn will enter and will disperse the darkness as of death which has settled upon your soul.

Perhaps these lines are being read by someone who, in search for satisfaction of mind and heart, has been wandering amidst the mazes of unbelief and materialism, and you find yourself further from satisfaction than ever. Why not turn to Jesus Christ, this Christmas, and let Him guide your feet into the Way of Peace? "Peace!" you say, "It is long since I knew peace of mind, or rest of heart!" Well, why not enter into both, here and now? Open to Him, Who is the unalterable Christ, your poor storm-tossed mind and heart. Take Him as the Guide of your soul. Hand over to Him the reins of your wayward will. He will not force your feet into the Way of Peace. He has shown you the way, and will give you the grace and power to enable you by faith to walk therein.

He is the God of the dewdrop and the thunderstorm

How tender is the mercy of God which has made this possible to us! Some think only of God's omnipotent power and might. But He is the God of the dewdrop as well as of the thunderstorm; the God Who makes and cares for the tender grass-blade as well as the mountain oak. Men's ingenuity and skill have enabled him to make a mighty machine by which he can crush the stoutest steel bar, and yet with it can touch so gently as not to break the shell of the frailest egg. So is it with the Hand of omnipotence, the Hand of our loving Heavenly Father: It can crush a world, and yet it will bind up the wounds of human hearts. That is the glorious truth of which this Christmas season reminds us—the truth of His tender mercy, the revelation of His unspeakable love, which impelled Him to send Jesus to enlighten our darkness and to guide our feet into the way of Peace.

Now, just as the tender dawn leads on to the full blaze of the sun in his noon-tide strength, so Christ Jesus, our divine Dayspring, leads all those who have responded to His holy influences on to those higher and purer and grander experiences which belong to the high-noon of the life lived in Christ. So I trust our tribute of praise and gratitude and thanksgiving this Christmas Day is louder than it was last year, because since then we have reached still nearer to the glorious perfection of that life of faith and holiness to which the Sun of Righteousness ever calls us. May each Birthday of our Blessed Lord be marked for us all by progress in all those blessings which the advent of that first Christmas Day has made possible.



How wonderful is love!

HOW wonderful is Love! Did you ever try to define it? Can you tell what Love is? Many long years have I worshipped at the shrine of Love: many, many hours have I pondered its secret. What is it? What would you say it is? Have you also been thinking about it? It is doubtless true that many others have considered it. Let me give you my definition.

Love is that power which tends to make two into one.

Is it not so? A man and a maid, coming perhaps from the ends of the earth, see each other for the first time, and in that moment love begins in them. They meet, they draw together; they converse, and their minds draw nearer and nearer; they bow together at the Throne of Grace, and their souls grow into the same likeness; they marry, and the union is complete. As Jesus said: "These twain are become one flesh." The two have become one. Love was the uniting power.

So it is with true friendship. Nearly thirty years ago I met a man of whose existence I had never heard before. In a great company of people we began to be drawn to each other. We met, and soon we met again, and again. From that time until three years ago we were inseparable. Yes, even until now we are inseparable. For the greater part of our friendship hundreds of miles have divided us, but we have come together whenever and wherever it has been possible, and hundreds of letters have passed between us. Three years ago my friend died. The meetings ceased. The letters are no longer written. "Finished!" you say. No! Indeed, no! We are closer now than ever.

There were times when we walked or sat together when neither would speak. Sometimes weeks would slip by and we did not write. There was no need for such evidence of friendship. We were *aware* of each other, and in that *awareness* we were just two men, utterly and entirely contented, never saying so, only *being* so, perfectly happy in a world beyond the world of things and incidents. This contentment remains. We do not converse; no letters pass between us. Do you think it is all over? Not so! The best remains. My friend is not dead: he lives. So do I. We are still aware of each other and still we bow together before the Great Lover, the Lord of Light and Glory, in whom and through whom we look to be—I scarce know how to say it—hid with Christ in God. We two—one in Christ. Christ and we—one in God.

Love makes two into one in Christ, and two into one in God. And God, who is Love—He does the wondrous deed.

Surely Love is the power that tends to make two into one!

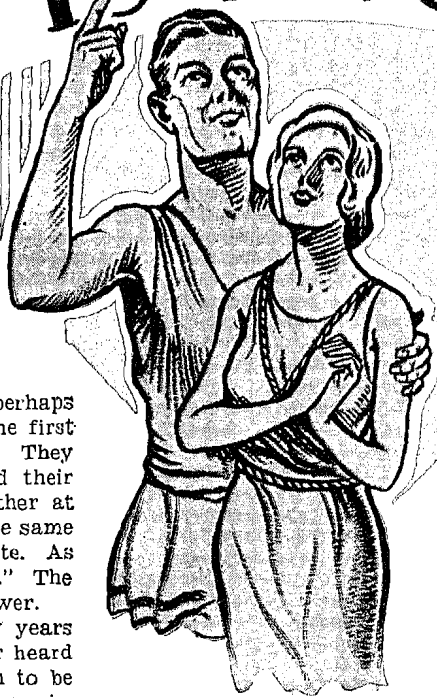
How wonderful is Love! There is no place where it does not abide.

Behold the sun and moon and stars filling the Heavens, moving in unending procession.

What causes them to move? The man of science will tell you instantly. They are attracted to each other; drawn to each other. They are trying everywhere to come together.

What is the name of that power which draws them together? The man of science has his reply, but I say they move by Love, the power which tends to make two into one.

Have you been to the schools? Have you learned about cohesion, and so on? Have you thought of the power that holds the proton and its electrons together to



make an atom, the basis of all substantial things? Believe me, it is always one power, that power which tends to make two into one. It is always Love. So it is that Love, whose other name is God, has built the world and still sustains it. For all substance is made of molecules, which are made of atoms, which are made of protons and electrons, which various things are held together by forces called gravitation, chemical affinity, cohesion, magnetism, electricity, and so on, but they are always held together.

Supposing that power which tends to bind things together—that which I assert is nothing else but the Love of God—suppose that power should cease: what would happen?

The worlds, the stars, the suns, all would fall away into molecules, into atoms, into protons and electrons, these to dissolve into the universal ether, and this universal ether, which a great poet-scientist has called "*The Garment of God*," would roll away into nothingness and God. God alone would remain. Alone! Even as it was before with Him when "in the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth."

Turn again to your Bibles with added reverence, you students, you questioners of all things in Heaven and earth.

Argue as men will, the Bible is basically true. If you find that basis, build on it, for it is good solid rock.

This is the basis of the Bible. In the Old Testament it is "God created the Heaven and the earth." This He did, as a little science shows you He did, by the *Power which tends to make two into one*, which Power, though it be called by a hundred names, is always one power, whose name is Love. In the New Testament we read: *God is Love*.

As we think of this wonderful Being, this God whom we even dare to call our God, do not our hearts burn within us, do not our mouths fill with praise?

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Well, now, it is Christmas. This wonderful God of ours, like the Great Master Builder that He is, working out His thoughts to perfection, too far

off for us to perceive, but very near to Him, two thousand years ago developed a wonderful idea. He had created man right away back in the beginning of Time, and though He had made him superior to all the animal kingdom, and only just a little lower than the angels, yet man was not yet what He would have him be. So He did the most astonishing thing recorded in all history. He caused a little child to be born, and this little child He filled with Himself, so that here was God made man; and this little child He called "My Son," and we call Him Jesus.

It was said of Him: "He shall save His people from their sins." And—He—does!

It was in Bethlehem the little Jesus was born, on a starry night when shepherds were on the hills watching their flocks. The world has never been the same since. It has been growing better and better and it will grow better, for this Jesus is the Love of God made manifest among men, and, through Him, God and man are drawn together. Love is that power which will make two into one. Here is the Atonement.

Let us rejoice and be glad!
—BAEDA.

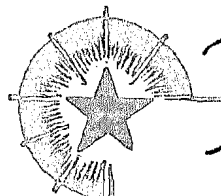
The Light of His Wonderful Star

By the Light of His Wonderful Star is God's love
Outpoured on earth's outcasts from Heaven above;
'Tis the herald of mercy and peace!
It tells of the advent to earth of Heaven's King
Who came—meek and lowly—Salvation to bring,
And from bondage our souls to release.

In the rays of this wonderful light is found hope
For all who in sin's cruel darkness now grope,
For all in the grip of despair:
No one is too vile for this great light to find!
Our Father has sent it, in love, to remind
Each heart that we're all in His care.

He sends it to all—to the Magdalene weak,
To the prisoner bound, to the worst on the street,
To the unloved and unloving one:
And found in the rays from this wonderful star
Is comfort and blessing for the rich and the poor;
For it heralds the birth of God's Son.

The light from this star shines upon us to-day
(As it did in the past—as it will do for aye).
'Tis the beacon that makes safe life's way:
It comes (does this light) from the Father above
Who is mercy and truth, who is kindness and love;
And blesses the world day by day.



"JUST LADDIE" and LOVE

by Michael Courant



SOME thirty or forty years ago, on a Christmas Eve, when the snow went scudding down the back of a strong east wind, a middle-aged couple received the shock of their

lives. Of their lives, mark you, for they never quite—what shall I say?—well, they were never quite the same again. You'll see why in a moment.

They'd been quarrelling. It appears that John Horncraft (that was not the man's name) had a perpetual grievance against life in general, and his wife in particular. That he was too ignorant, and very often too befuddled by drink, to figure it all out, matters little. Like many folks he had his one *bête noir*, his one pet grievance, which acted as the mainspring of all the small quantity of ill-humor with which nature and man had endowed him. And such a simple thing it was—as simple as it was fraught with tragedy.

"Why (he would ask himself at all hours of the day and night), why on earth had he, of all the millions of married men in the world, been

denied children? Why, for instance, had he no youngsters sitting round the fire with him on this, of all nights? Why wasn't he fussing about with bits of brown paper and string, and creeping up creaking stairs in the role of Father Christmas to fill little stockings with good things? Why? all the father-love in him (and there was a deal of it) rebelled at this hideously unnatural, and therefore naturally abhorred, vacuum in his life.

So he drank a good deal, and vented some of his ill-humor upon his wife, who probably felt just as badly about it, poor soul, but who was scarcely able to voice her feelings. He had been indulging his stomach, and his temper, on this very night. The bells, merrily ushering in the grandest birthday in history, found Mr. and Mrs. Horncraft going at it hammer and tongs.

Their voices were at their highest, their tempers at boiling-point, when the flow of imprecations was arrested by a knock at the door.

That the caller had not made use of the knocker made it all the more arresting. It was just a light, steady thud administered, from the sound of it, with the fist and, in the circumstances, as dramatic an interruption as the knocking on the gate in Macbeth. There, however, all resemblance ceased, for this was no authoritative summons savoring of interference. It was just a steady thump, thump, thump, repeated, before Horncraft could

reach the door, with perhaps a little more vigor than urgency.

At the door the man stood listening for a second. It was an unusual hour for callers—nearer one of the clock on Christmas morning! Then he cleared his throat with a show of quite unnecessary ferocity, and rang out sharply:

"Who is there?"

"Me," the lusty east wind, rather than any human voice, seemed to whistle down the stormy street.

Again the man repeated his question. And now, very plainly came the reply above the rush of wind:

"Me! . . . It's m-e-e!" in a piping child's voice.

"Who's me?" yelled Horncraft, stupidly cautious and still somewhat fuddled.

"Me-e! . . . Just Laddie!" almost impatiently shouted the caller, as though incredible that the man within should be in ignorance of his identity.

In a trice the battered old door was open and, a hoarse cry upon his lips, Horncraft perceived, nestling against the door-post for protection, a child.

"A child!" he gasped. "Why, come in, boy!" and he put his great arms around the shivering, snow-covered little one, slammed the door with a kick, and hastened to turn towards his wife.

"A child!" he repeated, as he met his wife's gaze. She, with mother-love and longing roused

(Continued on page 13)



RAE

"A Child," he gasped. "Why, come in, boy!" and he put his great arms around the shivering, snow-covered little one

The Witch Doctor's Christmas

BY COLONEL C.R. SOUL



HEY were from England, and the Englishman's love of Christmas was strong in their hearts. The turn of The Army wheel had landed them up at one of The Army Mission Stations amongst the Zulus—about thirty miles from the railway station, and in the midst of a people to whom Christmas meant nothing, except, perhaps, a lingering idea that at this season the white man was usually more ready to give gifts (even to the Zulus) than at other seasons of the year.

The white people of the neighborhood were probably (as is often the case) quite willing to make the season cheerful for their compatriots, who were spending their lives in preaching Christ to the Native; yet they could not, of course, be expected to entertain their clientele as well. Hence The Army Officers (man and wife) thought they must do something for the people themselves.

What should that something be?

Well, they thought the appeal would be more forceful if it touched the stomach, so a goat or two were killed, and some substantial food prepared—food to the liking of the crowds of Zulus who gathered from all around to celebrate "Kismisi" with the "abafundisi."

Amongst the number was a wizened old witch-doctor, his body bedecked with a mass of bones, charms, bladders, etc., and demon-craft stamped deeply in all his dress and appearance. Doubtless his chief idea was to feed his body, but a real proof (if proof were needed) of the fact that the Christ of Christmas is not a dead personage of historic fame, but a "living reality," was forthcoming that day. There on the hill-top, in the midst of a glorious scene, such as it is hard for pen to picture, the old Zulu witch doctor found Christ as his Saviour.

Picture the scene and praise God with me for His grace!

The Settlement is on a beautiful hill-top, in its own fenced grounds, with black wattle and gum plantations and a nice fruit orchard. Two lovely grape vines are loaded with dark, luscious fruit, and semi-tropical flowers and shrubs abound. Sugar cane, pine apples and vegetables of many kinds are grown in the little, but well-kept garden. The buildings are plain, but they are neat structures, all built, one by one, by various Officers who have been stationed there. Some of the buildings were not much more than ideas at that time; they have eventuated since.

To the left are the Quarters of brick and iron, with a nice little Hall at the back. On the other side are fowl-runs, Native quarters (sod under thatch), and Officers' kitchen for same. A little further off the stable and cart shed (wattle and bamboo under grass), and further still the pig-styes and cattle-kraal.

In the near distance are the valleys, with the perpendicular rocks, wherein live hundreds of monkeys and baboons (so many, in fact, that the Field Officer has to report an afternoon's work as "watching the monkeys" to keep his crops intact). All around these valleys are numbers of Native kraals. Up these seemingly-impossible paths the

Natives climb to the meetings, and the Officer climbs to visit his flock.

It was here the poor dark heathen found Christ that Christmas Day, and to-day he is in far brighter scenes, in the Gloryland, for, joyful to relate, he became a Soldier and a Sergeant-Major, and, having lived a short, but victorious, life, he died in harness, and was buried by The Army. His widow has taken up his duties, and is nobly serving God and her Zulu neighbors in these parts. She told me on a recent visit that she hoped the door would open for her to become an Officer shortly.

The old man gave his Christmas gift of a heathen heart, stained by years of sin and witchcraft, and just as the Blood cleansed that heart, so the outward signs were stripped off. He made them into a little heap, and, at their owner's expressed wish, they were surrounded by dried grass and burned, the ex-witch doctor expressing a pious wish that the Great God would see the smoke of their destruction and be pleased therewith.

Salvation Army operations among Amoxosas, Zulus and other Native African races were begun in 1887. They received a powerful stimulus during The Army Founder's visit in 1891, and have gradually spread since 1926, extending beyond the Zambesi. Further impetus was given to this work by the visit of our present General and Mrs. Higgins in 1930.

Over three hundred Native Corps and Societies are now in operation, extending from the extreme south of the Continent into North Rhodesia.

In October, 1920, The Army Flag was resolutely planted in Lagos, Nigeria, on the West Coast of Africa. A steady and progressive work has gone forward ever since.

On the Gold Coast, two years later, the pioneers of The Army found their way and there was established a work which has since spread over the whole Colony.

Kenya Colony and Protectorate, as British East Africa is now officially called, was opened for Army work in 1921, and good progress has been made in spite of many difficulties peculiar to the country. Schools are an important part of our evangelical activities, and in nearly every instance where a Corps is working a Day and Night School is also operating.

The Army is also busily at work in Portuguese East Africa.

Up to the last minute

*The story of
Henry Lang's
Happiest Christmas*

“MY HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS?” Ask me another, Ben. Ask me to explain the hydrostatic paradox, or how the Pyramids were built; it'd be easier.”

“Pick any one, then, Henry. You're in story-telling mood. Let it rip! Take the first that comes.”

Henry Lang sank back into the depths of his easy chair in the luxuriously-furnished room where he was entertaining his life-long friend, and remained deep in thought for a few moments. Then he glanced quickly across at Ben Strachan.

“How's this, then? This is a story about a Christmas; one which I imagine deserves that superlative.” He rose and dropped another pine log on the fire which burned in the big hearth.

“Sophie and I always like to have a good, old-time Yule fire at Christmas time. Help yourself to the nuts or anything you can lay hands on, Ben. Sophie will be back in half an hour or so, and we'll have some coffee together before you go back to your bachelor establishment, you poor unfortunate. Time you were married, Ben. Nothing like a nice little pal of a wife and a cosy fire at Christmas.”

“I may surprise you yet, Henry. Anyway, forget my supposed miserable condition and get on with the story.”

Mr. Long moved his chair a little back from the blazing logs, stretched himself comfortably and gazed dreamily into the fire.

“It was five years ago. And it was a woman who was the cause of it—The Army Captain's wife, and as dainty a little thing as a bit of Dresden china; one of those women you at once label as an angel dropped from Heaven—”

“Go easy, Henry. Remember I'm a bach.”

“Truth, Ben. I always called her Captain Molly. She had called on me once or twice at the office for help for some needy folk she had discovered somewhere or other; she always had some poor wretch she felt she must fix up, and I'd given her what she needed; for you couldn't refuse her even if you wanted to.”

“You couldn't, you mean.”

“No mortal man could, you human iceberg. When she turned those sad eyes on you, as she told you about her latest find in Poverty Street, and then, with a smile chasing the shadows from her face, asked you for a certain amount to meet the case there was nothing else to do. Out came your cheque book and you signed on the dotted line. And the next minute off she would trip, looking as happy as a child on Christmas morning, as radiant as the springtime, as gladsome a picture as smiling seas, as—”

“Well, let it go at that, Henry.”

“I got my money's worth every time from see-



ing how happy I had made her, let alone the poor wretch she was thinking about.

“Well, to return, I'd handed her the cheque, when she suddenly turned to me as she rose to go, and said, ‘Mr. Lang, do you do anything apart from this; I mean to say, do you ever help anyone without being asked? Here you are,’ she continued, quickly following up that first shot, ‘in very favorable circumstances, at the head of this prosperous concern. You are a professing Christian, you give generously to charity when asked; but do you—answer me frankly, Mr. Lang—look for opportunities of doing good yourself?’”

“Pretty straight, eh?”

“It was; but you couldn't be offended. You just sat and took it when she gave you one of her curtain lectures, and stammered any lame excuse you could think of.

“Of course, she had hit me in a weak spot this time, and she knew it. So saving me the embarrassment of pleading guilty and begging for mercy, the kindly judge left the bench, and said, ‘Look, Mr. Lang; I can tell you how you can make this coming Christmas one of the happiest of your life.’”

“‘You have taken on a big job,’ I replied, regaining my composure a little.

“‘Not at all. The ‘big job’ is for you to do,’ Captain Molly said, and continued, ‘I know a widow woman, a Mrs. Winton, with two little children; the family is terribly in need. The woman's most deserving and worthy, and though so poor, she continues to keep herself and her children so neat and clean. She patches and mends their clothes, and is ever so grateful for any little garments I may, from time to time, give her. And she never complains of her hard lot in losing her husband, and having to become the bread winner.

“‘Why not make them happy this Christmas? Think of that poor woman having to go charing to provide for her children and herself, and having such a hard time making ends meet. Think of her feelings as she realizes she has only sufficient for the bare necessities of life, and is totally unable to provide for any such luxuries as presents, or a Christmas tree, or Christmas fare for her little ones.’”

“‘Say no more, Captain,’ I interjected, ‘How much will it cost?’”

“‘I don't want money, Mr. Lang.’”

“‘Then what do you want me to do?’ I asked Captain Molly.

“‘My suggestion is that you entertain the Winton family at your home for Christmas Day; your wife, I know, has a very warm heart—and—’”

“‘Oh, of course, but—er—well, it's a little sudden—a little unexpected.’”

“‘Let me know how you feel in a day or two. There is a whole week yet.’”

“‘No, let's settle it now,’ I said, with a sudden sense of shame at much that was selfish in my life. ‘We will do it. I feel sure my wife will agree.’”

“‘We'll fix it up. And look,’ I added, as a sudden idea struck me; ‘let's keep it as a surprise for them. I will run around for them in the car on Christmas morning, and they shall spend the day with us and have a jolly time.’”

“‘Captain Molly's eyes were dancing with delight as she left the office.’”

“‘She hardly expected you to come across, eh, Henry?’”

“‘Probably not, Ben; anyway she had gone away flying her flags of victory once again.

“‘So it was arranged. Sophie fell in with the idea with enthusiasm. We had no children; so why not adopt a couple for a day?’”

“‘On Christmas morning we had everything ready. There was a Christmas tree, which I had dressed with the aid of Sophie and the maid, and presents for the kiddies which Captain Molly had told me the Winton children had dreamed about, but had never possessed.

“‘I was for going around in the car and calling at the house without warning, springing the surprise, and piling the Winton's all in and bringing them back; but Sophie, more practical, insisted that we must give the woman a little warning, as she would want to get herself and children fixed up a bit. So we arranged for Captain Molly to go round to the Winton's first thing Christmas morning, tell them of the surprise we had in store for them, and prepare them for my coming a little later.

“‘So when I arrived and knocked at the door, the kiddies were all smiles. But I had to nip in the bud the mother's attempted expressions of gratitude. ‘Now, let it be understood, Mrs. Winton,’ I said, ‘that you are not to start that. That is the one condition. We want no thanks at all. If you knew the kick we are getting out of this—’”

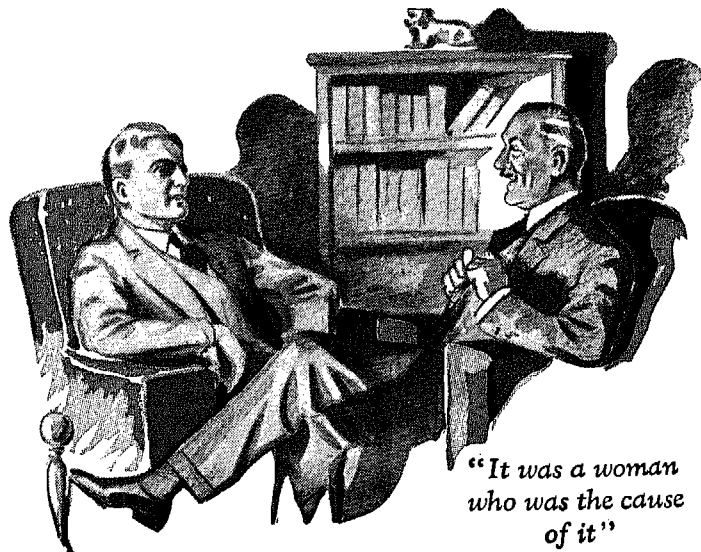
“‘I bundled them into the car, and we were soon swinging across the city, the kiddies in high glee.

“‘I can well imagine it, Henry.’”

“‘Well, you can guess the rest. Those youngsters had the time of their lives. Didn't they enjoy the food we had provided for them—the turkey, Christmas pudding, mince pies, and all the rest of it! They were well-behaved, too, and that further increased our admiration for their brave-hearted mother. And she—you should have seen her when these two kiddies unpacked their presents! There was a big doll and pram for the girl, and a truck for the boy, among other things, I remember. But when I saw the tears of joy in the mother's eyes, I felt like choking.

“‘The youngsters were a little shy of me at first, until I got down on all fours and played

(Continued on page 18)



*“It was a woman
who was the cause
of it”*



Where is He?

"WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR . . . AND

By COMMISSIONER

soul who loves the Lord Jesus in His utter humility, and sees afresh, in every Christmas contemplation, God manifest in the flesh and the Prince of Glory companioning with the sinful and heart-broken sons of men.

Where is He? He is found in the path and world of the Divine will. Where is He? He is found where and when we humbly seek for Him along the ways of the stirring evangel of the New Testament. Where is He? He is found in the lowly ways, in the forgotten

and neglected haunts of the vilest, for, even as they found an answer in those olden days, that He was "eating and drinking with a sinner," and talking, in a brotherly way, with the sinning woman of Samaria, so to-day He is a thousand times more likely to be following His own eternal quest, and the souls of men, and the poorest and neediest at that, than in the pompous ways of life, even of religious pomp, where the blessed Christ is made the centre of an artificial setting totally at variance with the facts of the case. the

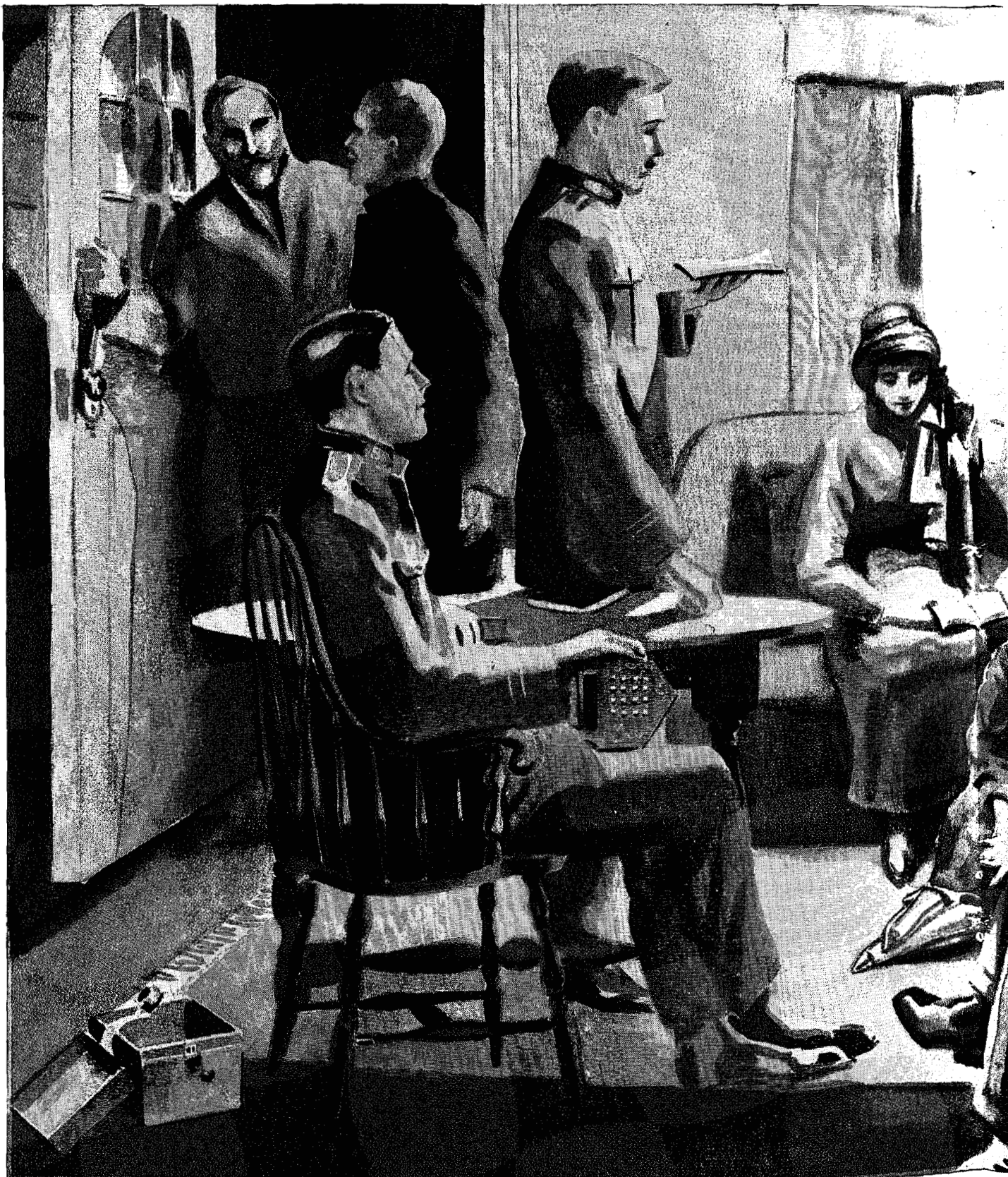
FOUND at Christmas! Lost in January. Found sometimes. Lost oftentimes. Found in sorrow. Lost in joy and fulness. It does appear as if to many, alas, to a great many, the enquiry for Christ and the finding of Him, is located in a period, or in a sentiment, or in a memory, or in a casual, religious happening which may or may not transpire. Is not that to many thousands the fault of our modern Christmas, known and experienced along these shallow lines, so variant from the true and original quest, so unsatisfying to spiritual condition and need, and so divorced from the whole message and presence and work of our blessed Saviour?

Even the children, in too many cases, receive a pitiful answer to their enquiry—"Where is He?" In the toy-shop, in the tancy goods or in the store, where Dad and Mum will find Him and bring Him to us in good things. Pity the young, and pity all others who only find Christ as a material answer, and who only associate His name with something of a temporary, and human gratification!

The original quest speaks of deep religious expectation; of veneration and adoration; of obedience and surrender; of sacrificial wonder and soul-love. Where is He? We have seen! We are come to worship! And millions, throughout the ages, have similarly come, aye, and they are coming to-day, a great and wondrous procession from every land! They cannot, and do not come to the Holy Land; only to a few is that privilege granted. They cannot even come or go to a shrine glorious in appearance, hoary with age and religious history, and deeply venerated by worshipping souls.

No, by far the greater mass of that worshipping procession is drawn, not by the outer significance, or by the material presence of worshipping aids. We rejoice that now, as in all ages, and to the end of time, the great and outstanding fact of seeking for Him is associated with the Holy Land of the Heart: at the high altar of personal communion; by the never-dying light of the awakened spirit which, lit by the Holy Ghost, and sustained by Him, shows the seeking soul the "Place where the Lord lay."

Christmas, as an Anniversary of the Saviour's birth, may indeed be a formal affair, the chief significance of which is datal rather than spiritual; historical and calendar, rather than a precious re-speaking of Heaven to the longing, worshipping



This Christmas season should afford opportunity for gathering together scattered Salvationists and their

He?

"ARE COME TO WORSHIP HIM."

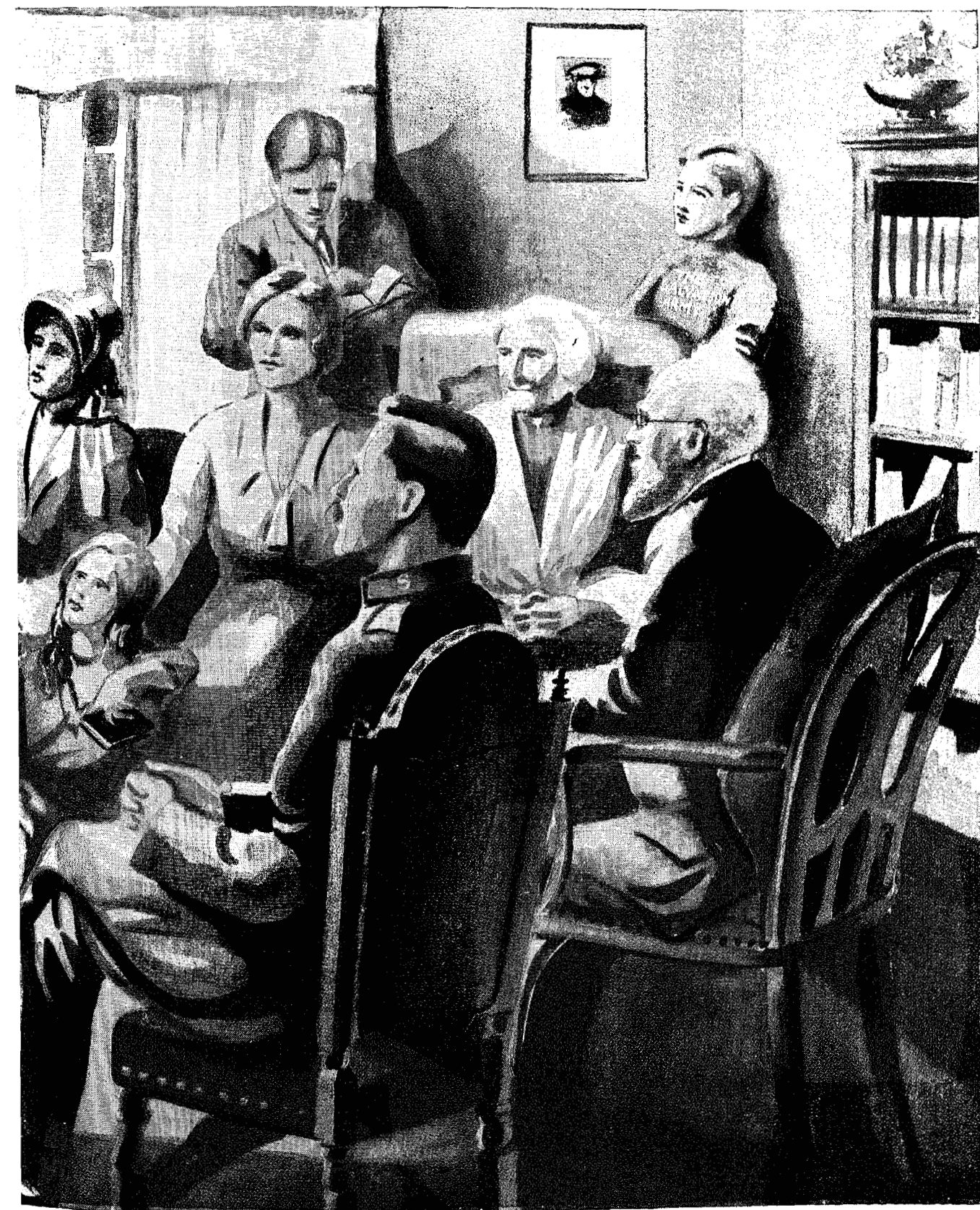
—Matt. 2:2.

R JAMES HAY

Alas, some cannot, or will not, thus seek Him! He, indeed, will not seek Him at all. They will remain in that fellowship and kindness which is associated with His birth without a thought to yield themselves to Him. Is not this our great work? And is it not becoming more and more evident that the true rationalist is ever seeking for openings wherein he may enter, gladly availing himself of a chance to capture the wandering, unsatisfied soul and lead such to the Altar of Surrender where, of all the great gifts

of that season, none can compare with the humble heart-affection, will, adoration, and service given to Him who is so often telling us all, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price."

These wise men, filled with eager loving, quest, had seen something—"We have seen His star," they said, and thus they had come, impelled by a sight wondrous, mystifying, and yet alluring, and so, magnet of all magnets, it drew them until they came to the place.



I would remind some who read and who, having seen that same star, yet do not come—I would remind some whose life and sky have been covered with proofs of, and with directions and attractions to Christ, that such Divine favor, such manifestation, cannot be repeated for ever. There comes an end. If it has not yet come to you, go down on your knees and make this Christmas a time of diligent following of these stars of guidance, and cease not until you are found pledging your whole life, and love, and service to the Holy Babe who yet is the mighty God, the Lord and Master of our lives.

How we pray that this Christmas may witness a great coming to Him, His worth, His merit. His right, His claim, aye, and the very timeliness of it all should make for a vast increase of all this.

Are there some who are still seeking for some unusual work to do for Christ, and who yet are missing the work ready to hand? Are there some who, wishing to show lustre and glow and glory in service, pass by the open door which He unquestionably has opened? Can you be among those who, following the Holy Grail, wonder and wander and are never at rest, religiously or otherwise!

Open your eyes! Pray! Pray! Pray! See the Saviour among the sinners of the deepest dye, of most despairing look, of most suspicious and untrusting face; see Him healing, lifting, blessing and saving. Go to Him and you will say—

I've found the Christ, no more the Christ I seek.

His home is with the outcast and the weak.

Not once, but a hundred times, has God thus spoken to men of all ages. Not once, but as in days past so in days present, is He telling us that when men seek for Him with all their hearts they will find Him. And not once, but for ever and ever, is He telling us that it is not in Heaven above, or earth beneath; not in temples made with hands; not in sacrificial fasts; not in ritual, pomp or show; not in the lordly and high ways and walks of life; but in the broken heart and contrite spirit, in the abasement of self, and in the final and eternal resolve to honor Him—There! There! we find Him, and He is satisfaction!

friends into little assemblies in the homes of the people. Ask the nearest Army Officer to preside

The Little Lady in Blue



HERE it was in print, a most respectable announcement in a most respectable journal. It concerned a distinguished surgeon and his good lady, and at least one other, as may be judged by the three last words, "of a daughter."

Like the rest of humankind, Irene was given no opportunity to choose her parents, but if that privilege had been hers she would have experienced difficulty in selecting a better mother and father.

As the years sped by upon swift wings, Irene grew in grace in grace of person. Refined, educated, and with a love of all things animate, she entered the society of her station, with gay trip and light heart, and in due course another announcement appeared; this time it concerned Irene and her lover.

Stephen Fawcett was a fascinating fellow. Even the wise-aces who shook their heads gravely on account of his "goings on" had to admit the charm of his personality when they came under its spell. Irene thought Stephen the soul of honor, and fearlessly entrusted her heart to his keeping. Hence the announcement afore-said.

Strong drink has played ducks and drakes with the careers of better men than Stephen, and, because he had acquired habits which he had allowed to master him, he was no exception to the rule. With the coming into the home of the destroyer love departed, and Irene found herself, still young and comely, with an aching void where once her heart had beat so highly and hopefully.

In town Stephen went spinning round on the whirligig of pleasure, and one night there was a scene. Irene stamped her foot in hot anger, and then she made up her mind that she also would go the wrong way. Alas!

If Stephen drank, then she would drink. If he went in for gaiety, then why not she?

Those who had known her before would scarcely have recognized her in the unhappy lady who was conveyed to a hospital the worse, very

much the worse, for liquor. Of course, Stephen came for her, and there was another of those storms which had been all too frequent of late. Very soon came the storm, after which Stephen went one way and Irene another, and neither cast one longing look behind!

After one of her "illnesses," when, in fact, she was bordering on delirium tremens, a quiet, self-possessed little lady in blue called to see Irene. The visitor knew all about the tragedy which was being enacted in the Fawcett household and, having thought out a scheme of rescue, she had decided to make this particular visit without her Army bonnet. But she had

The Army face, and The Army smile, and The Army spirit, and poor, unhappy Irene fell in love with her at first sight.

The Salvationist sat long with the suffering woman, listening to her heart-breaking recital, and to the confession of her utter helplessness to deliver herself from the power of drink, to which she had surrendered so recklessly.

"Oh if you can do anything for our poor girl, if you can, we shall be your debtors for ever!" exclaimed the white-haired parents, shortly afterwards, to the little lady in blue.

So it was arranged—not by the parents, for Irene was proud and independent—that she should enter an Army Home, where even an inebriate could be cared for.

Her trunks, jewel-case and what not accompanied Irene, who was resolved to make a tremendous effort, with The Army's help, to redeem herself. But, even so, her heart was sad and full of despair, save when she was in the company of one of the cheery Officers of the Home.

At length, however, the very peacefulness of the Home seemed to soften her hardened spirit, and, in a genuinely-receptive mood, she sat listening, one evening, to the quietly-spoken words of the Warden. When the time came for singing the evening expression of gratitude and appeal for help, Irene essayed to join in. That night Jesus came to her, she believed, as truly as He came to this world in the flesh in the days of long ago, and the peace and spirit of Christmas filled her life. This, all unknown to Irene, was what her Army friends had been working and praying for since her arrival in their midst.

From the night of her decision for Christ, though the fight was far from being over, the battle was all but won. At last, after eight months of painstaking care on the part of the Officers, Irene, followed by the prayers of her Salvationist friends, sallied forth to the battle of life again.

She went to a French lady for whom she toiled early and late. The work was hard and the wages were small, but she liked Madame. And though her beautiful hands became coarsened and chapped with her many duties, she bravely continued on her upward way, becoming a joy, not only to Madame, but not least to the little lady in blue.

Accustomed as she had been to having servants of her own, Irene found it hard to do things without making many mistakes, but she was naturally quick and clever, and, by continual and prayerful application, overcame every temptation to despondency, which would have jeopardized her

(Continued on page 18)



An aching void where her heart had beat



Anno Domini 1

THE INN OF LIFE

Anno Domini 1931

"No room!

No room!

The Inn is full,

Yea—overfull.

No room have we

For such as ye—

Poor folk of Galilee,

Pass on! Pass on!

"Alack! and she

So young and fair!

Place have we none;

And yet—how bid ye gone?

Stay then!—out there

Among the beasts

Ye may find room

And eke a truss

To lie upon."



No room!

No room!

No room for Thee,

Thou Man of Galilee!

The house is full,

Yea, overfull.

There is no room for Thee,

Pass on! Pass on!

Nay—see!

The place is packed.

We scarce have room

For our own selves,

So how shall we

Find room for Thee,

Thou Man of Galilee,—

Pass on! Pass on!

Christ passes

On His ceaseless quest.

Nor will He rest,

With any,

Save as Chiefest Guest.

JOHN OXENHAM.



It is for all!

Cogitations of a Lonely Man—War-time Reflections which Lead to a Strange Question

WHERE was it? Oh, I may not tell it! But I more than guess that some who read these lines will recognize the exact situation and then, nodding sagely, will tell those who look on the whereabouts of the scene. The dug-outs of a Field Ambulance terraced the side of the hill, and the numberless pin-points of light glimmering in the near darkness gemmed the imagined landscape as if it were a costly icon in a Greek church.

There was never a flash from a single facet of this romantic picture; never a blaze of any kind—simply the deep, dull glow of rich color, living color, and only to be seen from one angle.

As I recall that wonderful tapestry outspread on that hillside, I bethink me, nay, they are inseparable, of the accompanying music. A violin, in a dark dug-out near by, was reeling out a rhapsody strangely compounded of tears and blood, in magic oneness blent. The lad who played, wrapped in total darkness—and alone, "told the world" all about it. Blightly, her charm for him; his desire to lose himself in all she meant to him. I stumbled forward in the gloom, and found myself one of a silent semi-circle listening—listening—and each one of us as alone as if marooned on a desert isle. Certainly as isolated as any one of the half-dozen figures keeping solitary tryst—past whom I blundered, I came up the avenue of sound made by the wailing violin, until I found the homesick dweller's cave. Lonely.

There was an instant of fiercest emotion, accompanied by momentary threat of violent nausea, one day at the base as I came on a company of excited Frenchmen singing, as they swung along the street, singing recklessly. "Alons mes enfants de la patrie, le jour le gloire est arrive!" They were in their own country, singing of their own land. But, in a flash I recalled the single soldier I had seen in a lane, many miles north of this,

singing, all alone, singing with hysteria, gesticulating immoderately:

"Alons mes enfants de la patrie, le jour le gloire est arrive." Moreover, I saw again the little blue-bloused French boy who was swinging slowly on a gate, while he watched a long string of motor lorries bearing the carcasses of British horses which had been gassed further up country. From time to time, as the seemingly endless procession moved past, he raised his right hand and sadly waved it in farewell, nodding sagely meanwhile, as he said, "Mort pour la France! It is for France! It is for France." He had no home, so Salvation Army Officers, keeping a hut for the troops, cared for him. Wee Armand, saying, "Pour la France—for France!" And he all alone in the world. Lonely!

Ask me when in my life I felt most lonely, and I reply, "That stormy night I went up to join the so-and-so's in the line." Attached duties, for the R.A.M.C. man, were not all jam and rissoles at first. It invariably meant a sudden separation from one's corps-comrades at the base, and a solitary trek to a strange unit. And when that unit happened to be infantry in the line, the night black and stormy, and the route an unknown one among hills—well, one felt the need of a brass band, to say the least.

Instead, for the last stage of the journey I had the company of half a dozen chaps who were rejoining the unit after a spell in "dock." They were old hands in the country, and, naturally, I was keen to know the nature of the work I was pledged to, and—no afterthought this!—the state of their particular sector in the pleasant meantime.

Our sector turned out to be one of the quietest; nevertheless, I had to be acquainted with the history, past and present, of the hottest sectors in the line, with grim details concerning one particular ravine. . . and the assurance that we should probably be moving that way soon! . . . It was a way we had with new-comers, unimpeachable when familiar.

Nearing our destination, rain burst in a fury, and a hidden battery split the dark against one's head with a sudden volleying, so that the night was vicious with storm and bombardment. And I—I felt lonely, as lonely as ever in my life.

"You'd better give me the name and address of next-to-kin in case of accidents," said a solemn sergeant-major in a candle-lit dug-out, later. I did so; and then, on an irrepressible impulse, turned back from the doorway with a request:

"I should like to give you another name and address if I might, sir . . . if you wouldn't mind. Of course merely on the off chance of anything. . ."

"Oh, very well," he answered, "very well, if you like." And so it was that a gentle name was spoken. It personified, for the dusty new-comer, everything that was most precious, durable, and desirable in life.

Years later, back in France, lying on a headland, looking out to sea, with its moon-dappled waters stretching away across toward the English coast, I heard again that plaintive melody which drew me to the dark cave on

the hillside. Ah, but now I thought differently. Between whiles, when the music died a moment, I heard the breath of the wind whistle faintly through the grass which brushed my cheeks. The vast silence, thus accentuated, spoke of France; lying out there, so still under the brooding Heaven, healing her scars. And my thoughts centred on another cave and another solitary One; a baby Boy. What said wee Armand?—"It is for France!" What shall be said of the One who came to the stable in Bethlehem? It is for All!—All the world! All mankind.

Hark! That violin again! And the melody is repeated. My soul bursts into song:

"My Jesus I love Thee,
I know Thou art mine!
If ever I loved Thee,
My Jesus 'tis now!"

* * *

Silence, and the gentle, sibilant, swish of wind-kissed grasses! Why should I recall, in this moment of uplift, the query, put to me 'midst a devastating barrage, of a lad in khaki—a lonely lad:

"Is there much noise in Heaven, think you?"

—ABER SYCHAN.

Climbers Indeed

After ages of hopeless inactivity the Punjabi is now given a chance

"YOU must climb, my friend!" we say to the man who is down. "There is no use staying down, you'll go further into the morass. Come, let us help you!" And the results have been wonderful, the most hopelessly despairing have been uplifted by the grace and power of Christ, who stooped to save.

The reader is thinking of white-faced men and women, and he knows that for them the struggle will be long and arduous; but we have in mind an Eastern people, and the difficulties which they have to face multiply immensely—yet the power is the same and the victories glorious.

Some twenty-three years ago The Salvation Army established a Land Colony in the Punjab, its population consisting of a number of Indian Salvationists and adherents. In India and Ceylon there are many "Criminal" Settlements and other Land Colonies, but this Colony in the Punjab is for Settlers who wish to become deposit purchasers of land. The Government has allowed The Army to secure some 2,000 acres for this purpose.

Can you imagine what such a scheme must mean for the millions of native toilers on the land who are unable to secure sites without influence and support? Now The Army provides these. And because the settlers are not yet capable of undertaking the business side of agriculture, or of keeping themselves and their profits out of the hands of the Indian money-lenders. The Army markets their produce, and gives careful oversight.

This Punjab Colony was promised years ago because, owing to the higher moral and spiritual life these people have lived since their conversion to Christianity, they have very greatly improved their material surroundings. The Army gladly helps them, because their efforts to "climb upwards" deserve such recognition.



As alone as if marooned on a desert isle

The STAR of HOPE



London makes mirth,
But I know that God
hears
The sobs in the dark
And the dropping of
tears.

“WHY, DRAT THE CHILD, she should have gone long ago! Whoever would have thought of her being up here? And what's to be done now, I wonder?”

“Let her bide wi' us awhile. Master Elkins will be going home in an hour's time—his chest is that bad he can't stop up late—and he can see the little maid through the village. 'Tis Christmas time, Missis Brown, and she's never seen a ball before.”

The subject of the conversation, little Nelly Harsant, was scarcely conscious of it, crouched in a corner of the dimly-lit “music gallery” of the old-fashioned County Arms. She was watching with intense interest the assembling of the guests in the hall below. With a long “Oh-o-o!” her soul went out in rapturous admiration of “the party from the vicarage,” and only a shake of the shoulders, administered by Mrs. Brown, brought her “down to earth” again!

“Oh! do let me be,” she whispered, “I'll be so good! No one can see me here, and Daddy Elkins has promised to see me home.”

Nelly was the daughter of God-fearing parents who lived in a cottage just at the end of the straggling village street; and she had been taken, with their consent, by Mrs. Brown, to help decorate the ballroom of the rambling old County Arms.

Instead of going home after the cup of tea with the kindly landlady, which followed on her delightful manoeuvring of holly bough and mistletoe, rosettes and paper chains, she had crept up into the gallery, determined to “see the dresses” she had heard the decorating servants talk so much about, with the result above narrated.

Daddy Elkins kept his word; he took Nelly home within an hour, although she would fain have remained all night watching the flying feet, though she sighed as she thought of her own russet gown!

All the way home through the snow and the bitter wind, she thought of nothing but dresses, those lovely, enchanting dresses, which seemed to give those who wore them such wonderful pleasure, to judge from their radiant smiles, bright cheeks, and laughing eyes.

“Oh! how happy they must be,” she said to herself, as she tossed from side to side all the long night; and when the morning dawned, cold and

cheerless, in her humble little attic, and she heard her mother's voice calling her to come down and light the fire, she had determined that somehow, at all risks, at all costs, when she grew up, she would be a lady and wear dresses as brilliantly charming as those of “the party from the vicarage!”

“Why don't you give it up?” asked The Salvation Army lassie, talking earnestly in the shadow of one of Piccadilly's grand porticos, to a fine-looking young woman, attired in all extravagances of the latest fashion.

“Give it up?” echoed the girl with a shrill laugh, “why, I've only just come here. I want to have my fling with the rest. Why shouldn't I?” and again she laughed.

“You don't mean to say you came here of your own free choice?” asked the horrified Officer.

“Well, not exactly,” said the girl, “but I'm here all the same! Look here, miss,” she added desperately, “I know you mean well, all the girls say that, but it was quite religious people who gave me the love of dress that brought me to London to get it, to dress like a lady! Then, in the house where I was servant, the young ladies tried to out-do each other in dress on Sundays, and I got just wild to dress like them. It's a long story, but if all the Christian people I know had dressed like you do I wouldn't have been here! The love of dress brought me to this, and now the love of drink keeps me here! What'll be the end of it? God knows! The river, perhaps; but I'll have my fling. I've had misery enough; long nights and days alone in the hospital; and then my heart breaking over my little one's grave! Why shouldn't I get something out of life? And there's plenty of it here, ain't there, miss?” and the poor, deluded girl laughed again.

“Life!” said a hoarse voice at their elbows. “Life! in this place? It's death! Death with the mask on! Death dancing down Piccadilly to the Thames! Life! Wait till you've been here as long as I have, dearie, and you'll know what it is to have Hell tearing at your heart, while Death waits for you, and the cruel world mocks your agony!”

The Army woman turned to speak to this poor, distracted soul, but with her thin hands clutching at the shawl, which covered her cough-racked

beast, she had already vanished into the shadow.

It was Christmas time once more, and as The Army woman looked around on the callous faces of the pleasure seekers, and the light-falling snow, which they were trampling into the mire as they passed, her heart was full of despair.

“Oh God! she whispered, “does no one care?” And then she turned her eyes heavenward, and saw through her tears, one bright star, whose light made a radiant pathway to the skies!

The girl's father met her at the village station, and said not a word of reproach, as he folded her in his arms, but his voice quivered as, in answer to her swift inquiry, he replied, “No, dearie, mother's not here! She's in Heaven!”

Nelly, the lover of beautiful dresses, the reader of foolish novelettes, the dreamer of dreams in which she figured as a “lady,” had come home penitent, broken-hearted.

“All the time I was on Piccadilly,” she whispered, huddled up on the floor, and with her head on her aged father's knees, “I used to watch and wait for The Army lassies, for a sight of their sweet faces, and the sound of their kindly voices. I wouldn't go away with them, though, like the other girls, I kept their card in my pocket.”

“A week ago, as I sat in one of their meetings, something touched me! I can't tell you what it was, but all of a sudden I seemed to see the Saviour standing right in front of me, and heard His voice offering me pardon and peace! I went straight home—the wretched room I called ‘home’ and tried to sleep, but all night long I stood, in waking dreams, before an open door, through which shone a great light across a dark, rolling river, on whose banks I stood! In the morning I knelt down and asked God to lead me through the doorway, out of the darkness into light! I had my answer. I now propose to go to The Army penitent-form in the sight of all who know me!”

Her confession ended—she said much more, imploring forgiveness between her sobs—her father drew aside the window-curtain.

“See,” he said, beckoning his pardoned daughter to his side, “there is the Star of Christmas! Let it guide you to Heaven and God!”

THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY

Humanity has many needs. Is there not something in Christmas . . . which speaks of One who meets the Physical, Intellectual and Spiritual necessities of Mankind?

By THE CHIEF SECRETARY

HERE is nothing more certain or more impressive than the transitory nature of all earthly things. It is at once the salt and the poison of life; but it leaves the human heart longing for some centre of permanence; some secret of perennial freshness which life, of itself, does not afford. Humanity needs, and often earnestly cries out for, an anchorage, persistent and unchanging, yet level with its immediate need.

Is there not something in Christmas with its old, but ever-new message, which speaks to us of One who meets this need—of One who, belonging to Eternity, is yet as modern as our most recently-discovered necessities, meeting the deepest needs of present-day human life, physical, intellectual, and spiritual—the Christ of To-day?

All classes met at the celebration of that first Christmas. The Shepherds, the Wise Men, the Prophet Simeon, all heard the message of Good Tidings, and although so widely apart, socially and temperamentally, each had hopes and aspirations in common, which brought them and satisfied them, at the Cradle of Bethlehem. Are they not representative; prototypes of our own times?

All, around us to-day are men and women diverse in outlook, vocation, and temperament, but alike in a great hunger for light and truth, approaching from varying angles, but seeking one thing—and that seeking can only be satisfied in the presence of the Christ of Bethlehem.

The coming of Christ was revealed to the Shepherds.

"And there were, in the same country, Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

To the common man at his everyday task; to him whom we would call to-day "the man in the street"; to him who represents the physical, Christ came.

The coming of Christ was revealed to the Wise Men.

"There came Wise Men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, where is He that is born King of the Jews for we have seen His Star in the East and are come to worship Him."

To the student, the contemplative, to him who represents not so much things physical as things intellectual, Christ came.

The coming of Christ was revealed to the Prophet.

"And behold there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel and the Holy Ghost was upon him."

"And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ."

To the man of quiet devotion, to him who represents the spiritual, Christ came.

The Shepherds, the Wise Men, the Prophet, representing the Physical, Intellectual and Spiritual; the body, mind and soul, compassing the entire human and spiritual life. The revelation of Christ's coming to earth is full of significance.

And He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, revealing Himself to all classes, satisfying the claims and meeting the demands of to-day for men and women in all walks of life.

He knew a workman's life. When He emerged from the workshop He sought the nucleus of His followers and apostles from among the working classes. He knew the stuff he chose, awkward and difficult often. He sought to shape it, although sometimes it was almost like giving shape to water, but he knew the worth of what is called the ordinary working man, and in the end he made of these plastic workmen, brave, strong men who dared to challenge kings and face death unflinchingly in the name of their Master.

Is He the same to-day? Is He the Christ of to-day for the Man in the Street, or is it all but a shining apparition of yesterday, vanished with ages past? Can He hear the challenge of the present day? Can He meet it?

Yes, He can and He does!

We renew our confidence in the presence of the old Christmas story, realizing that, as His coming was revealed to the man at his daily task, so He reveals Himself to-day, and is the ever-present Christ to those who, seeing the Light, and obeying a Voice, perhaps hardly knowing what the Light means, and to what the Voice leads, by following find the Light of Life.

Christ's coming was also revealed to the Wise Men. It took these men longer to find Him. The Shepherds went straightway. These men, seeing a new star in the sky, not understanding its meaning, but following its glimmer, were ultimately led to the same place as those who saw a flash and went straightway.

There are those to-day who are beset with intellectual difficulties concerning Christ. Let us be patient with them. The whole secret of intellectual

difficulty in regard to the things of Christ is largely one of sincerity. If one really wants to find the Light, he will succeed, if he sincerely follows the light he has, though it be but the glimmer of an unrecognized star. Some may follow by more devious paths than others, but these will lead the sincere soul to the Light and Truth.

Is He, then, the Christ of To-day for such—for those who move in the realm of things intellectual rather than physical; for the student; for the young person who wants to know why? Does He reveal Himself to such? Can He satisfy these demands?

Yes. He can and He does! By following, in true sincerity, such light as we have, we are led to Him in Whom there is no darkness at all, and that which was the seat of difficulty becomes the channel of service and worship, for He calls for the love of our soul and mind, and His promise is that His peace shall guard our thoughts.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to stay with Simeon, the worshipper, except to say that revelations in the spiritual realm are realized by faith. Simeon accepted the prophecy and believed it. He acted as though what he had received was not mere information, but direct and sure promise. It is the same to-day. If spiritual revelations are accepted and believed, and acted upon by faith, they are realized. This is the lesson of Simeon.

And so, as we meet around the Cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem, we think of Him, not only as the Christ of Bethlehem, but as the Christ of To-day—the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever: One touched with the feelings of the poor; able to meet the demands of the Man in the Street; One who inspires and satisfies the claims of the mind; One who keeps His promises to the worshipper.

In the Province of Quebec three great streams meet and, mingling their clear waters with those of the St. Lawrence, flow together down the Gulf to the mighty Atlantic. In human experience three great streams meet, the Physical, the Intellectual and the Spiritual, and together they make their way to the boundless ocean of eternal life, kept pure and sweet, strong and satisfied by the presence of One whose birth we celebrate—the same yesterday, and to-day and forever; but especially the Christ of To-day!

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of

The Salvation Army

in Canada East and Newfoundland

Territorial Commander

Commissioner James Hay

James and Albert Sts., Toronto

No. 2461. Dec. 19, 1931. Price 10c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

LET US BE GENEROUS

"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!" To how many is this a familiar greeting on Christmas morning! When, on rising in the early hours of Christmas Day, and finding all the rest of the family still abed,

who has not wakened some other member of the household with the joyous first greeting of "A Happy Christmas!"

Be the greeting in this, or, indeed, in any other form of gladsome expression, it matters little. What really counts is that the Christmas spirit shall be in the voice that utters the annual exclamation, and in the heart which prompts the utterance.

Christmas is not a joyous time just because we make gifts to others, and that they make gifts to us, but the spirit of joy and good-will at the back of the gift makes Christmas the happy time it is. When we all thoroughly catch the spirit of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," the spirit which marked every act, in the all-too-short length of days which Christ lived on the earth in the flesh, and when we make this spirit the law of our lives, then will every day of the year be in spirit like Christmas Day.

Of one kind gift, certainly none of us needs to be sparing, and that is of kind thoughts towards others, and

of kind words to them. The more these are given the richer become both the giver and the receiver. Moreover, they need not be limited to Christmastide, but, by their free use at all times, the Christmas spirit is indeed made to last the year round.

LET US BE GENEROUS!

When is Christmas Day?

For over four hundred years September 29th was Christmas Day throughout all the Churches of Eastern Europe, although some of the Judaic Christian communities celebrated it on March 29th—coincident with the date of the Passover—and yet others on January 1st or 6th.

The Abyssinians called June 21st Christmas Day, while amongst the Armenians Christmas Day has always been January 18th, and is so now. Other Christian communities have celebrated it at different times and in various places—in July, August, May and February.

The actual date is unknown for a certainty, but the researches of as-

The Secret of Christmas

We believe the secret at the heart of Christmas lies in this: We forget ourselves and our own interests for a little, and live the true life of the children of God. The truest bliss still rests in giving and not in getting.

At Christmastide the open hand Scatters the country o'er, sea and land,

And none is left to grieve alone, For love is Heaven, and claims its own.

We are glad at Christmas because of the self-giving of God in His dear Son. And since in giving lies the truest blessedness we know—the dawn of Christ is beaming blessings

O'er the new-born world.

tronomers and others have made it appear probable that the great and solemn event which Christmas commemorates occurred either in the last week in September or the first week in October.

as never before, made no reply. In place of words she came across the room, her eyes lit wonderfully, took the wee boy into her arms and pressed him to her breast.

In the midst of their stormy argument this had come—this poor, abandoned two-year-old—a scrap of paper pinned to his woolly coat with a prayer for kindness. It was like a dramatic answer from the heavens, and those who knew (as mysteriously as Mary with Jesus in her arms) that for them, too, this Christmas Day, The Child, somehow in the guise of this lost lamb, had come!

The Child . . . Christmas and The Child!

They stood there a full minute, looking into one another's eyes, and if John was surprised to see a tear trickling down the face of his wife, she was still more surprised to note with what manly resolution he fought against tears which welled in his eyes. You see, the Christmas Child had brought Love. For the first time in their lives the Horncrafts knew what it was to love something together, something beautiful and better than their minds could have conceived.

That night John Horncraft got very little sleep. Till long after daybreak he was busy—busy making two or three simple toys out of rough wood. Wonderful it must have been to see him, so changed, so mellow, so altogether splendid in the passing of two or three hours, as he whittled away with his pen-knife. His wife had given the youngster hot milk, and put him to bed, reluctantly retiring herself. John, fully absorbed, went on with his labor of love till all was done. A little rowing-boat, a small caricature of a horse (but a horse for a' that!). Then he filled the socks, which had been drying by the fire, and one of his own besides, with apples and oranges and nuts (how lucky that he had bought some just for old time's sake!), crept upstairs—just as he had always wanted to do—hung the three bulky bundles on the bed-rail, then quietly stole down again to end the night on the rickety old couch, happier than he had ever been before.

Now, his wife had been in the habit of attending a little meeting held by one of our Officers, and it was to this very person that she confided the story of John's lucky find.

They adopted him, and at an Army meeting he was dedicated, named Just Laddie Horncraft. Odd Christian names, you'll be thinking, but John was adamant. "That's what he announced himself as," he used to say, "and I hold that no decent Christian should be saddled with names of somebody else's choosing. Let 'em choose for themselves, say I!" So Just Laddie it was.

The Army played a great part in the boy's life. As the years passed he and his foster-parents got more and more attached to the Officers, to the

"Just Laddie"—and Love

(Continued from page 9)

Organization itself, and John and his wife became good Salvationists. As for the boy, he never forgot those happy meetings, and the Sisters, and that Sunday when he got saved. That he remained saved only added to the wonder of it.

The years flew by and the boy grew, John worked harder than ever. Helped spiritually, and often with practical advice, by the Officers, he saved, and scraped, and sacrificed, so that Laddie should have a good education. Presently he became a business man on a small scale—had a little fish business—and did very well financially, all things considered. But not for himself, bless you! It was all for Laddie. The boy was his first worldly consideration all the while. Laddie kept him, time and time again, from giving up and slipping back; Laddie kept his nose to the grindstone; Laddie drew out the very best from the warm, rugged old heart.

That boy understood, too, and he worked like a Trojan, till one day—most magical of memories! he went up to a university.

There were little ups and downs in his career which can't be gone into now, but he struggled on. He felt drawn towards another religious body—not out of snobbishness, but one of conviction, for he still remained a Salvationist in the widest sense of the word.

Laddie took up letters, obtained degrees, and generally acquitted himself with fair success. His turn now to fight! John spurred him on.

Father and mother! The thought of their beautiful lives kept him straight; the recollection of what they had done fired him to make them a handsome return; the memory of his earliest contact with Jesus raised his eyes to the heavens.

Success came slowly, but surely. Some of John's greatest treasures, in those later years, were some books occupying a special shelf in the living-room of a yet better house Laddie had built for him. Any time one might have found the old fellow of an evening lovingly fondling Laddie's "works." Then you might have seen him, a prayer of gratitude on his lips, replace them religiously just before bedtime, take out a much-worn copy of The Salvation Soldier's Guide, and with quavering voice read from a thumbled and pencilled page

to a tired, happy, and very drowsy mother. The narrative to which I had been listening carefully, ended suddenly. I waited for the speaker to go on, then looked up from my notebook in surprise. He had pushed back his hat and I saw that his cheeks were dewed with tears. He took from his capacious waistcoat pocket a soiled and time-stained object—a crude little rowing-boat, maybe three inches long.

"Laddie's life-long inspiration!" he said, eyeing it affectionately. He replaced it carefully and took a wallet from his pocket. "And here are some pages I treasure more than all the first-folios in the world. They all start, 'My darling Laddie,' they all end, 'Your loving mother,' and they are all written with the most awkward scrawl you could imagine. Can you wonder that Laddie 'got there'?"

"And you—you are Just Laddie?" I asked quietly.

"Just Laddie," he replied. Then, forefinger extended, he fired a question.

"Do you know the worst nightmare I ever had?"

I almost laughed at the incongruity of it, but the laugh died on my lips as he went on:

"I sometimes have a day-dream. I half dream, half wonder, what if there had been no John on the other side of that door?—no mother?—if there had been no Salvation Army with its wise, loving, and altogether splendid Officers?—if I had just fallen a castaway of pitiful driftwood? . . . See the point? Tell me, in God's name, what would have happened to me?"

How could I? I dare not permit myself the thought.

I left him at the next station—we had met on a railway journey—and still I do not know what name it is which met John's eye on that small bookshelf, which stands for hours of enjoyment in thousands of minds. I hardly dare hazard a guess. I only know that, whoever he may be, he was dedicated in an Army meeting as Just Laddie, and I can barely imagine how many thousands of successful men there must be in all walks of life who have God to thank that they won through clean and good to behold; won through largely as the result of some obscure saints' devotion and holy living.

Just Laddie! It's a name for me to conjure with, and I know he would wish this repetition of his story to end on one note—

What about the Laddies of the world this Christmastide?

They do not come knocking at your door in person, maybe; but The Child knocks, nevertheless, in their name, and you must let Him in if you would have Love.

UP TO THE LAST MINUTE

(Continued from page 11)

horses, giving them rides around the room."

"I warrant they'll never forget that, Henry." "I am quite sure that I won't forget it. We had games in the evening, and then we all sat round the fire while I told stories of my boyhood days in this Old Land. Then, with their arms loaded up with all kinds of things, Sophie and I ran them home, dropped them outside their house, and hurried off to escape the mother's torrents of thanks. Yes, I guess that must go down as my best Christmas."

"And it would take some beating, Henry. So it would seem that Molly made *you* a present of that surprising suggestion. *She* was the benefactor and not you."

"You're right, Ben. She gave me the happiest Christmas I had ever spent up till then. I felt afterwards that I was deeply in her debt. And she had built better than she knew; for she had widened my sympathies."

Henry Lang leaned over and touched the bell. "Yes, that visit did me good in more ways than one; it taught me a mighty lesson."

The door opened softly and a pleasant-faced woman entered. Mr. Lang turned to her.

"Mrs. Winton, I wonder whether you would bring in some coffee just as soon as Mrs. Lang comes in. She will be in any moment now. Let Mr. Strachan here taste some of that special brew which you know so well how to make."

The compliment intensified the smile upon the little woman's face.

"So that's the woman, Henry. You certainly do like springing surprises."

"Yes, that's Mrs. Winton. We kept in touch with the family; tried to help them in various ways; and when the poor soul lost her girlie two years ago, Sophie brought her here to help in the house. She does famously and seems very happy. Her boy is doing splendidly at school, and should prove a great comfort and help to his mother."

"Splendid! A real 'Happy ever after' story."

"Well, that is the story right up to the last minute, Ben. And now, here comes Sophie, and here, also, comes the coffee."

—BRAMWELL COLES, Staff-Captain.

COOKING CHRISTMAS DINNER

One of the exasperations of life, for the young bride new to India, is—the "boy." Read this brief story of the exploit of the substitute

IT WAS in October that the Captain brought his young bride to India. Sometimes she felt lonely and strange, but she was courageous and tried faithfully to adapt herself to her new circumstances. She found much in them which was interesting, although at times conditions were somewhat tantalizing.

Christmas was approaching, and Mrs. Captain promised herself and her husband a Christmas as much as possible like it would have been at home. In their country Christmas Eve was the great time for rejoicing and feasting.



THE LITTLE LADY IN BLUE

(Continued from page 14)

complete emancipation, and learned something from every failure.

At last Irene had won her laurels. Her parents, especially her mother, were anxious for her to leave, but her presence had now become indispensable to Madame's well-being. So she stayed on for a while, a source of comfort and joy to the lady who was broken-hearted when the time of parting really arrived.

Presently Irene became a Salvationist, and her words of testimony, warning, and exhortation rang out with a stirring note of earnestness and sincerity in them.

At last came an hour when Irene received a letter, which put her in a perfect flutter of excitement. It was to notify her that she was at the gateway of a great opportunity.

As to how she is acting in her new surroundings we can only say that God is with her, and she is spending her life to bless others. The full story of her new service is an interesting bit of history in the making.—W.N.

Really, it was not much that could be done, for, in the shape of Christmas fare, not much was available, and even if it had been not very much cash was on hand. They could at least have a chicken. Yes, and it should be one of the most plump.

Accordingly, a few days before Christmas, a chicken was bought in the bazaar and Mrs. Captain got her arrangements well in hand. All was going nicely when, the day before Christmas Eve, the "boy" who did the cooking calmly announced that his wife's sister's husband's uncle was sick, and he must go off to his home village, thirty miles away; and he would not be back for a week.

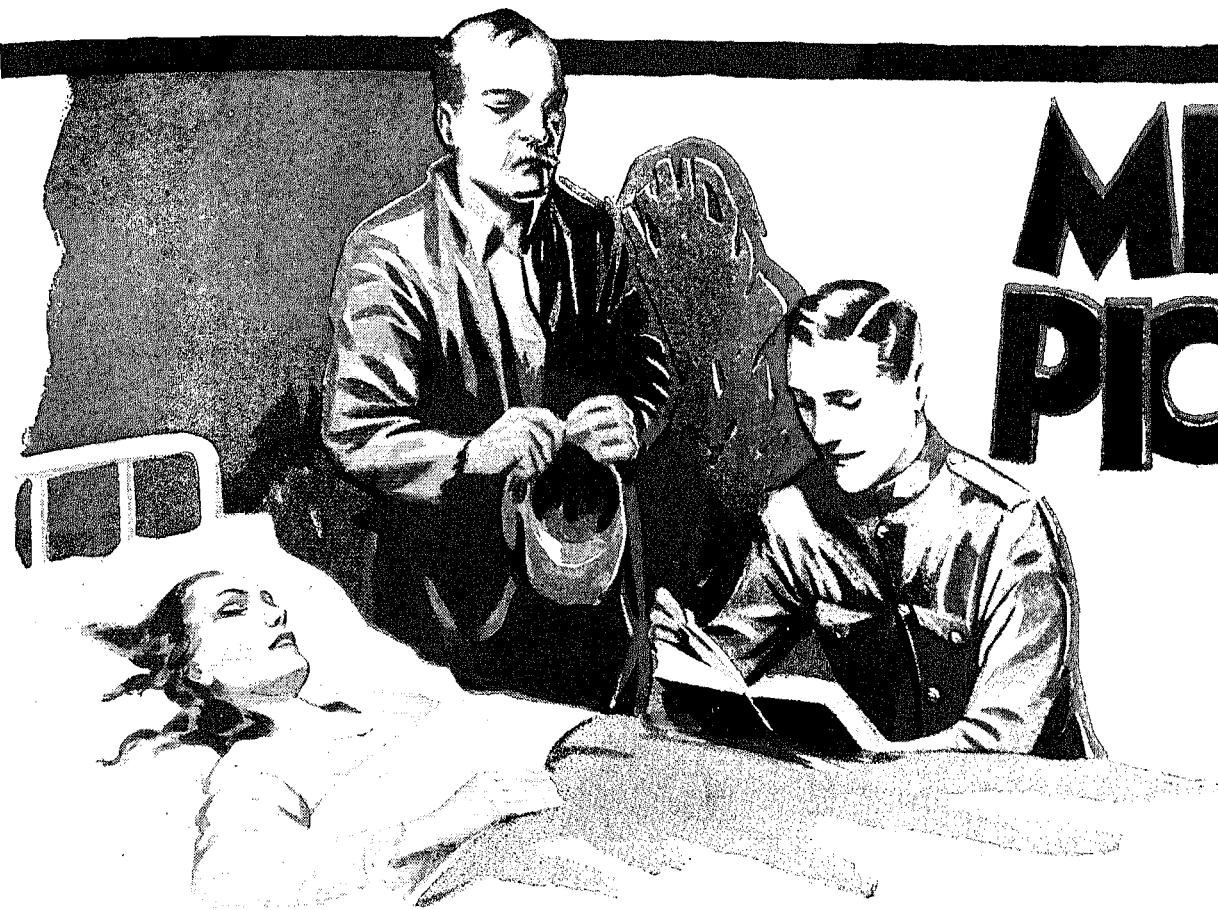
Here was a fine to do! How would the chicken get cooked? And without the chicken what sort of a Christmas feast would there be? Had Mrs. Captain been at home in her own country the cooking of a chicken would not have troubled her; but with a fire-place and cooking vessels and fuel all Indian, besides the very trying heat, even at Christmas time, how could she manage? The "boy," all anxiety to be off, promised to send along a substitute: that was all he could do, but he simply *must* go to see his sick "brother," as he called him.

Ah! Happy day! On the morning of Christmas Eve a man came along offering himself for the post of cook. He had heard that memsahib's "boy" had gone. He could do the work very well. He had plenty of "chits" saying what a willing servant he was. Would memsahib give him a trial?

It was a case of Hobson's choice, so she engaged him. Chicken and spice and onions were all handed over to the new "boy," and he was given his instructions as to what time food was to be ready for dinner in the evening.

Evening came. The few guests were seated at the table. The cook brought in the chicken. It was steaming hot, but—he had cooked it without cleaning it, and with all the feathers on!

—H. PIMM SMITH, Brigadier, Bombay.



MIXED PICKLES

"I used to think the proof of the puddin's in wot comes back on the plates."

"I'D LIKE to meet the gentleman wot said as it's never too late to mend," said the maid-of-all-work, in the kitchen of the Argosy Boarding House. "Look at that there hegg," she continued, pausing mid-stride to glare across her shoulder, eyeing the squashy mess which lay in the middle of the floor—she had just dropped it from the dish she was carrying from the pantry to the table—"that one's only good for fryin' I reckon."

This is to introduce Pickles—"Plain Pickles," as she was wont to describe herself. Fully adorned she was Picaroon Elizabeth Oliver. Her mother had named this particular daughter after a lady who figured in a popular song of the day, and her Aunt Liz was honored in the second appellation. But the children of the district quickly resolved the two names into "Pic" and "Liz," which, in turn, soon became one in Pickles. "I ain't got much to do with the All-over fam'ly," she was heard to say; "Pickles is good enuff fer me," and so she remained. But what a character she was! Nevertheless, she worked with a will, as, in fact, every one on duty in this kitchen during the pre-breakfast rush, must needs do.

Such a sad-faced, old-world sort of creature was Pickles; her life had been one long sorrow. Her brute of a father had robbed her of every penny she ever possessed, from the days when she nursed babies for odd coppers until now. Her home, which she saw for a very brief space morning and evening, was devoid of all decency.

She never remembered feeling comfortable—she felt no need for such an experience. No one, in all her twenty-four years of life had ever spoken words of regard for her, nor kindly appraised her appearance. No one would dream of looking back again on passing her in the street. No one seemed ever to notice her coming or going. Yet she was as sensitive as she was saucy; though no one would have thought that she "cared a rap."

As it eventuated, however, this was written in the Book of Happenings to be a great day for Pickles. Notwithstanding the accident with the "hegg," and a subsequent conflict with the cook on account of a chicken concerning which Pickles had said, "All birds of this feather is as tough as leather," which the cook chose to consider a reflection on her powers or discrimination, she got through the day fairly well, and

hastened to spend the evening in a cinema show.

Just what it was that annoyed Pickles in the entertainment provided for her delectation I have not learned, but I do know that she hurried from the darkened building muttering one word over and over again—"Wet! Wet! Wet!" and she punctuated each ejaculation with a particularly spiteful jab of her high and not over-safe heel on the pavement.

"Fair sickens yer, these wet shows. It's never wet without water. They tells me The Army is allus dry; well 'ere goes, then, it can't be wuss than the other place," and she entered the porch leading into The Army Hall. It was her first visit. What a revelation to her poor, starved heart was that meeting—just an ordinary week-night gathering! The smiles on the faces of the people; common people, some of them obviously worse off than herself, Pickles decided; yet so happy! How they sang! With what joy they clapped their hands!

"Happy lot of people, yes, they are!" muttered Pickles, quoting a song they had just been singing. "I'm comin' 'ere agin!" From that night the maid-of-all-work "sort of joined 'em," though she did not seek Salvation at the Mercy-seat, "for," said she, "I ain't good enuff for that. But I likes to be with 'em all the same."

"You orter go to The Army," she said to her father, one day. "I reckon you'd find some old pals there."

"Wot's it sye in the Bible?" he queried, "I disremember ezzactly, but it's somefin' abaht 'Bring up a child in the wye she should go, and when she is old, she'll try to bring up 'er farver.'" Which shows where Pickles got her aptitude for mixed sayings.

"Oh, you'd rather go to the pub, I expect," Pickles retorted. "Well," the reprobate answered, "a stitch in the side tells it's time the pubs was open," and he lurched from the bed-sitting-and-all-sorts room, which the Oliver family called home.

Em'ly Wilker proved an easier subject for the recruiting efforts

which Pickles essayed in the interests of the local Corps. Em'ly was "in for a bit of trouble," it appears, as she gravely informed Pickles, yet, strange as it may seem, Picaroon Liz did not count this against Em'ly, whom she almost worshipped in her humble way. Em'ly loved The Army meetings; though they made her cry a lot, and she refused every effort to lead her to the Penitent-form.

"You orter go," said Pickles,

solemnly, as they were going home one night. "It's right for you; but I'm not good enuff."

When Em'ly's trouble came, and she lay very near the Gates of the Beyond, it was Pickles who, strangely enough, kneeling beside her, reached out to her, encircled her failing spirit, and escorted her up those steep and final steps; it was Pickles who, though ignorant of so much, fumbled at the Door, until the Way was suddenly clear to Em'ly's vision, and then it was Pickles who stood humbly aside and watched Em'ly pass within to Everlasting Safety.

"I'm not good enuff," was all she could say for herself; yet it was Pickles who held Em'ly's hand as she "went out" with chastened confidence to meet her new-found Saviour. They buried her baby with her, and Pickles was the only mourner.

"I used to think that the proof of the puddin's in wot comes back on the plates," said Pickles, in speaking to the cook of Em'ly a day or two later, "but I begins to feel as the folks wot eats it is better off. D' you think I'd 'ave arf a chance alongside er Em'ly?"

"Course you would," answered the cook, and poor Pickles began to "take 'eart."

Making a rush for the Hall, a day or two later, Pickles rashly stepped into the track of a motor car, and she awoke in the hospital. She awoke to feel that she was swallowed up in pain. Her father came to see her, and she tried to smile, but, because of the pain, she could not make the smile come through. The Captain came as soon as he heard the news, and to him Pickles put the question she had propounded for the cook.

"You'll have every chance," he answered, quickly, and while he prayed for her, Pickles prayed for him, that his prayer might be heard. Then the pain became bearable, for the worst pain, that in the heart, was gone; somehow she could locate her hurt; she was no longer drowned in suffering.

Her father came to fetch her from the hospital. He was a strangely subdued parent. "I'm goin' to try an' be better, Pic," he said.

"Let's see, wot did the Captain say about that," she whispered. "E said, 'You can't pass a needle through the eye of a camel,' or something like that. But you ain't no camel. You come with me to The Army to-morrer."

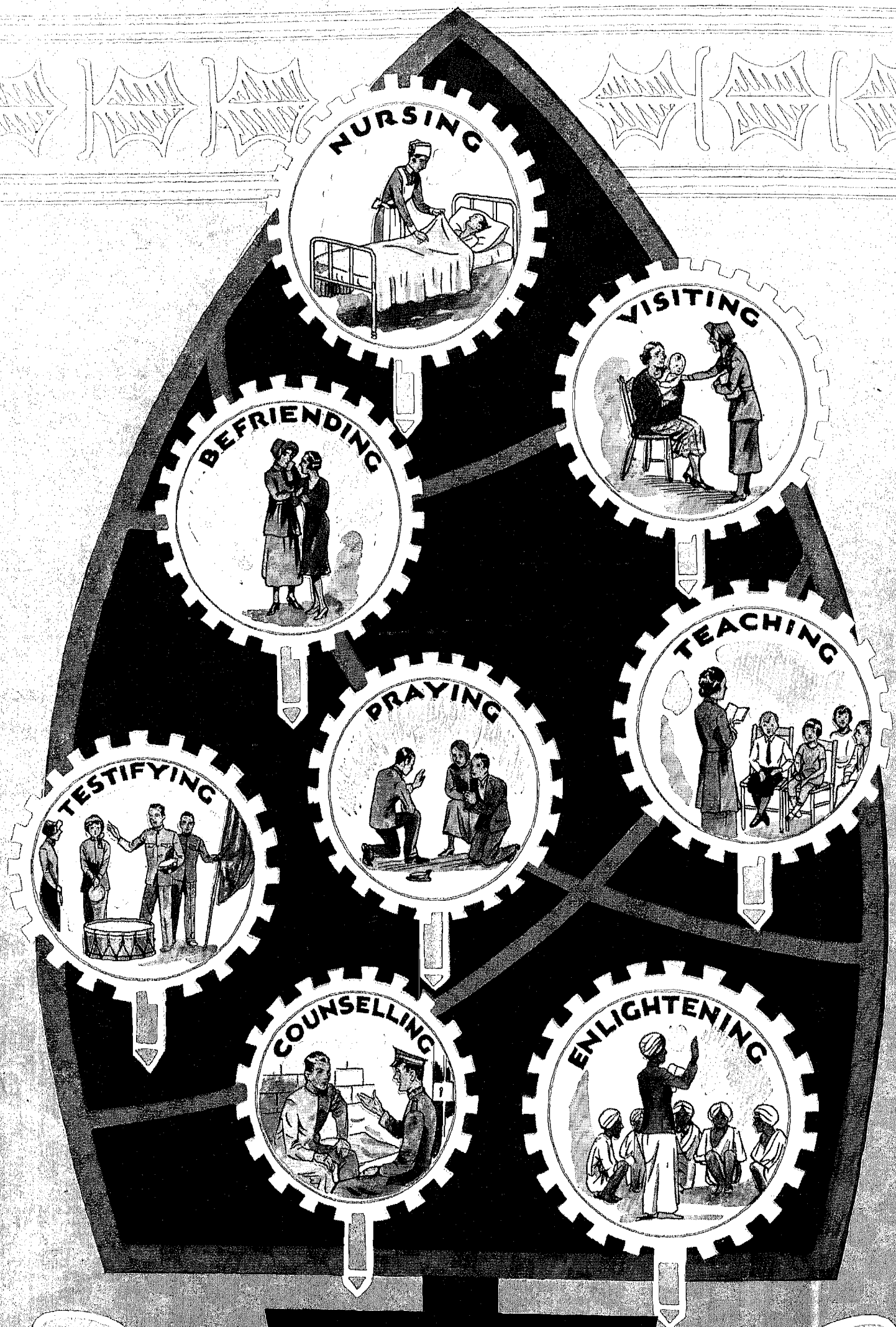
Much to the amazement of the regular attendants at The Army

Hall Mr. Oliver accompanied his daughter on the Sunday evening, when she went "to return thanks," and Pickles led him to the front seat. As she afterwards explained, "It was not so far for Dad to go, w'en the time came; 'e just flopped for'ard."

Lest there should be any doubt in anybody's mind as to her having "done the thing prop'ly" for herself, Pickles went to kneel publicly beside him, "for," she added, "I'm not ashamed for anybody to see me kneeling before my Lord."

If she was, and still is, mixed in her quotations, Pickles is not uncertain about her love for the Saviour, who won her heart and opened up, even for her, a way to God.—W.L.W.





The Army's Gift to Humanity

The WINGED TALISMAN



BREAKING dawn shed a pearly tint over the landscape. A playful breeze, assuming the role of a master organist, gently stirred the wild rice into a hushed symphony of sound. A thousand tiny ripples contorted the water. Above the low hills, on the eastern horizon, the sun arrogantly pushed its fiery rim.

Two watchful figures, and a dog, prone in the bottom of a light canoe, were dimly seen in the mist-wraiths rising obediently at the beckoning fingers of the sun. And now the feathered minstrels serenaded this September sunrise with ecstatic joy.

"Honk! Honk!" From afar came the anticipated sound—faint it was, but unmistakable. The eager youth stirred, but quickly subsided at his father's warning grunt.

Soan-ge-taha (Strongheart) was the Indian's name, and from these words the agent at the Hudson Bay post had, for the sake of expediency, selected four letters, to form the simpler name.

Seth, with his young son, was taking advantage of the southward flight of the wild geese to more temperate climes, to replenish his larder for the winter.

Another grunt as Jagoo, the lad, moved restlessly. Seth well knew the uncanny vigilance of the migrant geese. The slightest suspicion that the feeding-grounds were not as they ought to be, and they would wheel swiftly away to safer haunts.

"Honk! Honk!" The raucous cry drew nearer. A swift-moving wedge appeared against a billowy cloud in the northern sky. It circled; lower and lower it came. The wild rice on the fringe of the lake abounded with choice morsels for geese; furthermore, it provided sanctuary while they rested, in preparation for the next stage of their flight.

But for once the vigilant leader of the flock had erred. Seth's gun spoke suddenly, and disastrously. In wild confusion and making a terrified squawking, the geese scattered, leaving several of their number behind. The dog was quickly in the water retrieving the dead geese, with huge enjoyment and, having placed five plump specimens in the canoe, Seth and Jagoo paddled swiftly to their hut, which, sheltered by lordly pines, stood at some distance from the water's edge.

The "Bag" That Saddened

Wenonah was deftly working over a pair of baby's beaded mocassins when they entered the hut. The white people were fond of such things. Besides, they must have flour and tea and the other necessities of an Indian's life, meagre though they were. "What have you?" she queried in her musical voice, and her eyes saddened as she saw the fine "bag" which her man held in his hands. There was something repugnant about the thought of killing these beautiful creatures, she felt, but such a creed, she knew, was foreign to Seth, and she kept silence.

"Here, Wenonah," said Seth, as he tossed the

geese at her feet; "let us eat: the lad and I are hungry."

She stooped to pick up one of the birds, and as she did so uttered a short exclamation, then peered closely at the goose in her hand. Her sharp eyes had detected a glint of metal amongst the feathers.

"Ugh!" grunted Seth; "what ails you, woman?" for Wenonah had dropped the bird in fear.

"The bird has a spirit," she exclaimed in an agitated whisper; "See!" and she pointed in terror to a metal tag fastened to the goose's leg.

With some astonishment Seth stooped and studied the tag intently. It bore an inscription, which neither he nor Wenonah could decipher.

"Father; what is the matter?"

Jagoo appeared on the threshold, to find his parents peering with awe at the significant word, the father handed the tag to the eager youth. Jagoo eyed it thoughtfully. Slowly he read the tiny characters stamped upon the metal:

"Do not . . . kill," he read haltingly. "Do not steal. Do not bear . . . false witness. Honor thy . . . father and mother."

"'Tis the missionary's message!" he cried aloud. "He used to visit us on the Reserve, and he wrote those words on the smooth bark of a silver birch tree, making the boys learn it. Harken mother—I remember it well now," and Jagoo proudly repeated it from memory. The lad had spent two years with relatives on an Indian reserve, where he had been given the opportunity of attending school.

A Great Message for All

"Who was this man?" queried the father, eyeing the lad before him narrowly. "Was this great message for Indians or palefaces?"

"It was for all men, father. The missionary was very kind and very nice. The old chiefs would gather around him in the evening and listen while he spoke. The children would run to meet him on the street and he would put his hands ever so gently on their heads. But these words were spoken by Another," and Jagoo held up the tag. "The missionary was but the mouthpiece. They were given by Jesus, the Son of the Great White Spirit."

Many other things did Jagoo tell his parents about the good missionary, and of his glorious message, ere Seth and Wenonah retired that night. They did so with a strange yearning to know more of this Jesus and with a secret resolve to make the Christly talisman and its noble message the emblem of their lives.

"A cunning robber," muttered the Indian, as he noted marks which indicated the depredations of a ruthless wolverine. It was not the first time during the winter that Seth's traps had been despoiled, so that not only the game was missing, but the trap as well.

The winter had been unusually severe, and trapping poor. Wolves, too, had been troublesome, and Seth had been in a tight corner the previous week. He had been at the most remote point in his trapping circuit when night fell and he became aware of furtive, slinking shapes, dogging his footsteps. The animals were lean, and ravenous, and the brace of hares which dangled at Seth's waist were tempting bait. Repeatedly, the weary Indian had kindled fires and brandished blazing brands at the tenacious creatures. They followed him right to his own clearing, where, had it not been for his trusty Winchester, he would have had a sorry time.

Now his stock of ammunition was about exhausted. Unsuccessful trapping, too, had necessitated heavy inroads on the previous supply of meal and other foodstuffs. Usually, the first spring thaw had passed and the rivers were open ere Seth had made his periodical visit to the distant Hudson Bay post, conveying his pelts, and receiving in exchange, food, clothing and ammunition to

keep him until his next batch of skins were ready.

But things were getting desperate, and Wenonah was worried. Seth decided at length that he must undertake the trip and risk the possibility of being much too early for the opening of the Post, which usually coincided with the spring thaw.

Loading his sled with his small cargo of pelts, he harnessed his team of huskies, and, taking a tender farewell of Wenonah and the boy, set off. Two days later, footsore and weary from battling the elements, which had raged with unwonted fury, Seth staggered into the confines of the Hudson Bay post, but even as he did so his heart sank. No spiralling smoke issued from the chimney; there were no cheery voices to be heard, or hostile dogs to greet his own panting huskies. Silence as of the tomb hung over all.

Waiting for the Agent

The strong, weather-beaten face of the Indian was grave. For a full minute he pondered, while his huskies squatted on their haunches in the snow. Deliberately Seth settled the matter. He would wait for the arrival of the agent. He might possibly pay a chance visit; if not—well, Seth had another plan which might be applied, but only as a last resort. First, however, he stoically set about preparing a rude shelter from cedar branches.

A day passed and there was no sign of the agent. Two days passed—three—and still no agent. By peering through the window, the Indian could see the very articles of which he was in such desperate need. There were the barrels of flour, the canisters of tea, the ammunition. Even as Seth eased his weight on the window sill, the frame rattled, and he found that he could actually move the entire window. In the act of clambering through, he paused.

"Do not steal!" It was as if a voice at his elbow had spoken. The strange talisman flashed across his vision.

"Do not steal!" Again the fateful words burned into his soul. Had he not vowed, with Wenonah, to observe that sacred command of the Son of the Great White Spirit? Yet here he was in the very act of stealing.

"Ah, but Wenonah, and Jagoo!" he reasoned with himself; "They must not starve. Their need is my excuse. The food is here. They need it. I must get it!"

"Do not steal!" The challenging words again. "Ugh," grunted Seth. He could go no farther. He backed out of the window and dropped despairingly to the ground. Ruefully he debated what his next move should be.

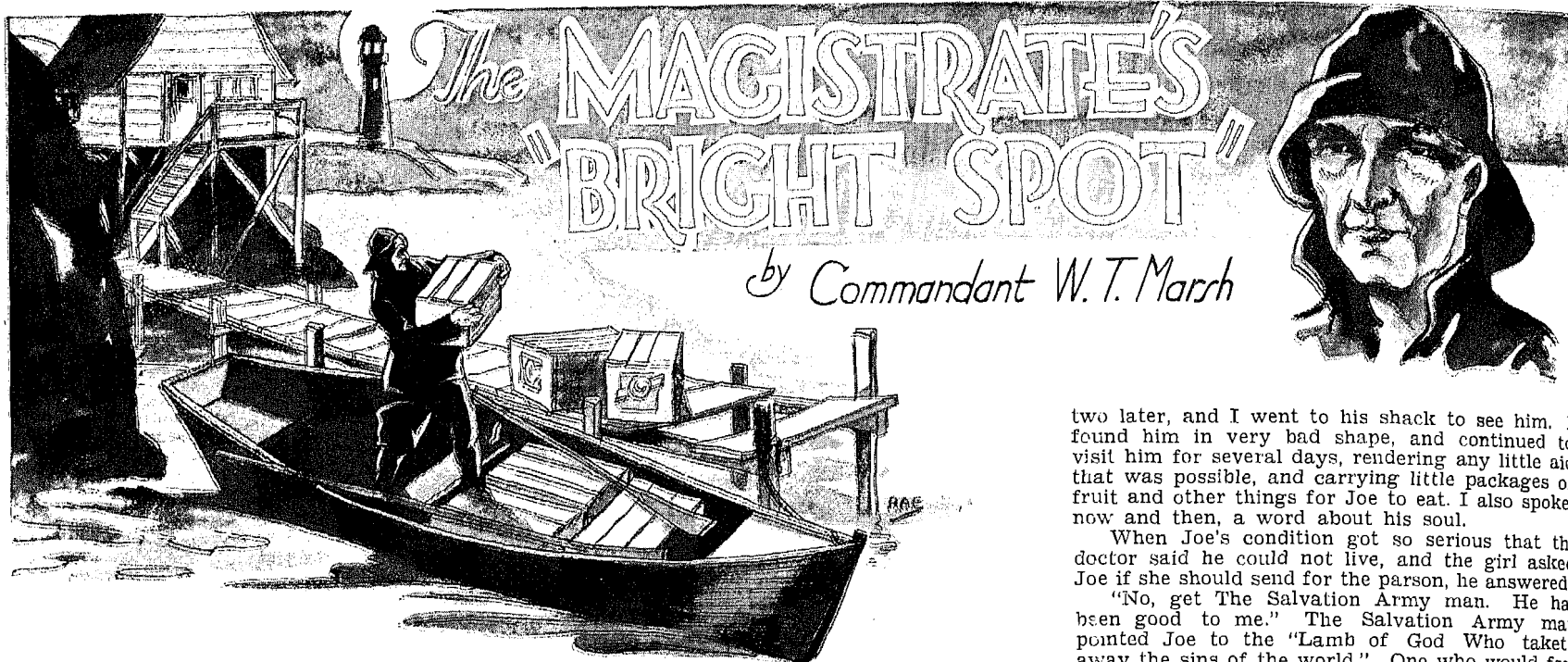
"What would the Jesus man do?" thought Seth, as he recalled the missionary of whom Jagoo had spoken. "Pay what thou owest," was the immediate answer which the query suggested, and in that instant Seth's glance fell upon the cargo of pelts. With quiet deliberation, the Indian gathered an armful of the skins, flung them through the open window and sprang after them. From the barrel of flour, he took sufficient for his needs, and scrupulously placed skins equivalent to its value on top of the barrel. Likewise with the ammunition, tea, and other commodities—on each receptacle was payment in full, and some to spare. Half measures would not suit this conscientious Indian. Having secured what supplies he required, he carefully replaced the window, and started on the perilous homeward trek.

Indian's Magnificent Example

A certain Hudson Bay agent arrived in due course at the Post. He marvelled greatly as he saw what had taken place, and he rejoiced—for he was a man of God—in this magnificent example of Christlikeness in a simple, untaught native of the northern wilds.

There was rejoicing, too, in the rude dwelling of the Indian, on Christmas Day. A calm peace pervaded that rude hut—the peace which passeth all understanding, the peace which is the inevitable outcome when the human heart is attuned to the Infinite, with a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

And the metal tag humbly reposed in a place of honor in the hut.—JOHN C. WOOD, ENSIGN.



THIS is the story of one named Joe. In the main it is the record of an undistinguished individual, whose opportunities for good or ill were as limited as his setting and personal potentialities, both. Yet, as he was a Newfoundlander, I am obliged to add he was not without interest, wherever he went or was likely to go. Suffice to say I have never known a single Newfoundlander who was entirely lacking in this regard. Be that as it may, Joe, humbly placed though he was, was a character all on his own, and interesting, very.

Joe lived in one of the largest outpost towns in Northern Newfoundland. His humble dwelling, standing within sound of the waves that lashed the shore, was shared only by a poor, half-witted girl, Mary, who did his cooking, after a manner, and general housework accordingly. Joe's occupation consisted of special sanitation jobs; meeting every mail boat that arrived at the harbor, and delivering sundry packages in his wheelbarrow. He had no religion, but he was honest after his own fashion, he worked hard, and everyone trusted him.

One very special and pleasant duty of Joe's, after the Prohibition Act became law in 1915, was to convey to the sailors on the boats certain packages said to contain clothing from washerwomen on shore, but believed by many, and in some cases known to be, "medicine," according to scripts which Joe had carried previously to certain places in the town.

At Christmas time this business was especially brisk. Joe was particularly interested in the wet "bonus" he oft-times received, in addition to his

pay, for special deliveries, and he sometimes took no pay in order to get the "bonus." If it made him stagger, he liked it still more.

Does the foregoing sound very dreadful to law-abiding citizens, whose lives are hedged about by legal enactments which are so easily and readily obeyed that they appear not to exist at all? Well, do not judge poor Joe too harshly. His was an easy-going kind of life; but it was not evil in intention. Of course it was wrong; but how wrong Joe did not at that time fully apprehend. Alas that there should be any laxity; any lowering of standards; anything less than the most loyal observance of every sane law! But while men of Joe's type are found to minister by subterfuge to those who avail themselves of his offices—both sellers and buyers of "medicine"—the business of law-evasion will go merrily forward.

Yes, but somebody has to pay; always it is so. Joe paid. Poor old Joe.

Late one night, at the close of the Christmas season, Joe stumbled ashore from one of the mail-boats, and, lighting his pipe, started toward home. But the recent snow made walking quite an exertion for one who could with difficulty keep his feet, and presently Joe was in such difficulty that he was obliged to put his pipe in his pocket, but he forgot, ere he did so, to knock out the burning tobacco.

What happened can be readily imagined, when we say that when Joe was picked up, and helped home, some hours later, his clothing was all burned from one side, and his body was badly burned as well.

Someone told me of Joe's condition a day or

two later, and I went to his shack to see him. I found him in very bad shape, and continued to visit him for several days, rendering any little aid that was possible, and carrying little packages of fruit and other things for Joe to eat. I also spoke, now and then, a word about his soul.

When Joe's condition got so serious that the doctor said he could not live, and the girl asked Joe if she should send for the parson, he answered:

"No, get The Salvation Army man. He has been good to me." The Salvation Army man pointed Joe to the "Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world." One who would forgive even a sinner like Joe.

After some time, Joe said, as well as he could, in his semi-jaw-locked condition:

"I know He saves me now." It was good to hear him declare his late-found faith, for it meant everything for Joe. He also requested that I should bury him when he died, no other parson having come to see him. When the time for the funeral came there were gathered together in The Army Hall many people who had not been there since the early days of The Army, and some in fact, who had never before been inside the building.

Included in the gathering were business men, the editor of the weekly paper, the magistrate, and many other leading people, who listened attentively as the truth was plainly told about the events leading up to the death of the deceased.

The following day, on obeying a call to the magistrate's office, I found that gentleman very warm in his expressions of thanks for all that had been done for Joe. Said he, "It is the only bright spot in the sad story that someone visited him and cared for his soul."

Not only did that one gentleman appreciate this service, but the event seemed to turn all minds to The Army, and soon space enough could not be found to accommodate all that came to the Hall, and then the convincing power of God began to take advantage of the interest aroused, for the Penitent-form was filled again and again, until one hundred and forty people had claimed Salvation.

Thus did God turn the sadness of a sordid happening to His own glory, and the Salvation of the people attended a little faithful devotion to the simple duty of a Salvationist.

Christmas Ever

A Wandering Commission 'Midst the Snows of Lapland—Lost in White Wilds

IN THE cold, clear Northlands of Europe, where life is hard against the white ground, a Salvation Army Officer we have in mind, wanderers, like a gracious Santa Claus, in a perpetual Christmastide. The many years he has passed in Lapland have made him to appear like a Lapp, though really he is a Swede. His brother Lapps are fond of a smiling, healthy expression, and for his work God has given these to our comrade.

At Wilhelmina, in Swedish Lapland, The Army has a Corps of 130 Soldiers, but the nomads are The Salvation Army's special children. The matter of the Arctic moss makes the Lapps wanderers. With their reindeer they are ever moving to find sustenance for the herd, and these mountain Lapps are the backbone of the race. They cannot join any particular Corps, for our converts go far over the mountains, and so our comrade follows them. He has travelled many thousands of Swedish miles (a Swedish mile is six English miles), and mostly on ski.

In such a life there are adventures, of course. Once he turned in a wrong direction to locate a Lapp village, hoping to find the sea and take to the coast. It was a wild, bare, storm-swept district. To his joy, he found a tree and was able to light a fire. The long night passed. In the morning he was as far from the village as on the previous morning, so he prayed that snow might not fall, fearing all landmarks would be lost if it did. When he reached his destination he thanked God for preserving his life, for two men from Stockholm had also lost their way that day and had died.

So, Brother, Shares!

I am a humble pensioner, myself,
for my daily bread;
Shall I forget my brothers who
seem in greater need?
I know not how it happened that I
have more than they,
Unless God meant that I should
give a larger part away.
The humblest wayside beggar and
I have wants the same,
Close side by side we walked when
God called out one name;
So, brother, it but happened the
name He called was mine,
The food was given for both—
here, half of it is thine.

A Silent World

The Army Addresses Itself to the Problem of Sweden's Deaf Mutes

IF ONLY we had the room we would like to illustrate the way the deaf mutes wish each other "A Happy Christmas"; but we have not, there being the style in which the two hands are busily used and that where one hand is largely employed. Besides, the particular people we have in mind are Swedish, which would complicate the matter still further.

In quite a remarkable manner The Army in Sweden specializes in its work amongst those who thus live in a world of silence. Specially-trained Officers are actively engaged in this branch of Army enterprise, and theirs is a dual task. It is now generally accepted that the affliction is largely a question of hygiene. Those so afflicted have suffered in early childhood from preventable diseases which leave such dreadful legacies behind.

Recently an exhibition was held by The Salvation Army in Stockholm, where our silent comrades could be seen at work in carpenter's, shoemaker's tailor's, woodworker's, and cabinet-maker's shops, and at knitting, lace-making, and fine needle-craft. Difficulty is experienced in getting employment for the deaf-and-dumb, and this was one of The Army's attempts to make a livelihood an easier matter for them. Because the awful isolation is depressing in its effect upon the sufferers, our Officers are at work at all hours for the spiritual and temporal encouragement of their charges.

Happy, indeed, are we to chronicle that the voice of Jesus is heard in the soundless existence, and that the souls of the dumb-stricken are turning to the God.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PAGE

Ted and Jim's Good Turn

1

CAPT. JOY WAS TELLING ME ABOUT ALL THE POOR CHILDREN WHO WON'T HAVE ANY CHRISTMAS TOYS OR PRESENTS THIS YEAR, I WISH I COULD HELP THEM TED

WHY - JIM, I'VE AN IDEA - THIS TEDDY BEAR

IT ONLY NEEDS TWO BUTTONS FOR EYES AND ITS AS GOOD AS NEW - LETS GET ALL THE OLD TOYS WE CAN FIND AND REPAIR THEM IN OUR WORKROOM AND THEN WE CAN GIVE THEM TO THE POOR CHILDREN

LET'S START RIGHT NOW

HERE'S ANOTHER TEDDY BEAR AND A NOAH'S ARK - NOW WE CAN WORK

3

BOY, I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD SO MANY OLD TOYS

TED I'LL GO AND ASK MOTHER IF I MAY PHONE CAPT. JOY TO FIND OUT WHO TO GIVE THE TOYS TO

ALL RIGHT, I'LL FINISH PAINTING THESE TOYS

MOTHER SAYS WE MAY HAVE THE CHILDREN HERE THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS - SO I PHONED CAPT. JOY, AND SHE SAID SHE WOULD BRING THEM OVER - SHE SEEMED VERY PLEASED

SAY, THIS IS GREAT

BOYS - HERE IS SOME CANDY I MADE - CAPT JOY AND THE CHILDREN WILL BE HERE IN AN HOUR

THIS IS WHERE TED AND JIM ARE LIVING - IT WAS NICE OF THEM TO INVITE SO MANY OF US

5

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A POOR CHRISTMAS BUT FOR THIS

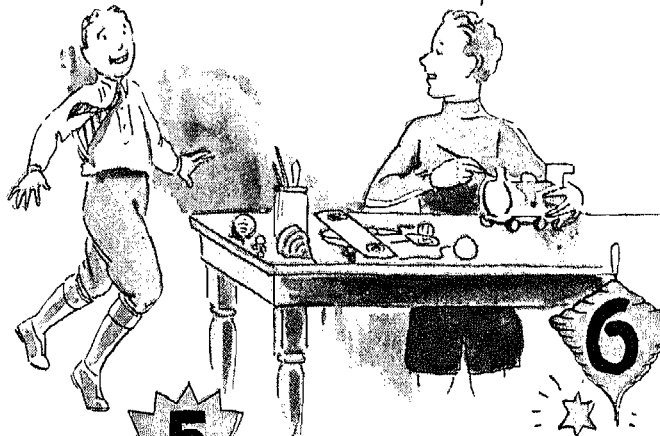
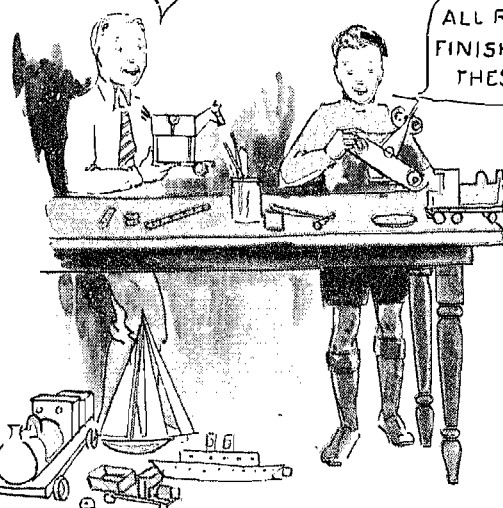
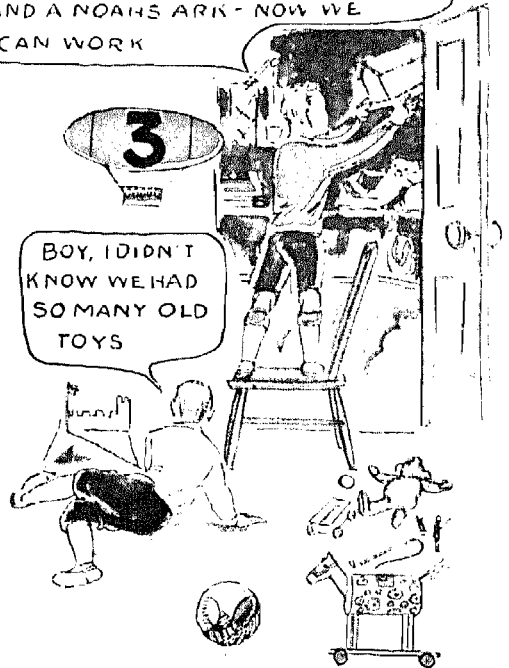
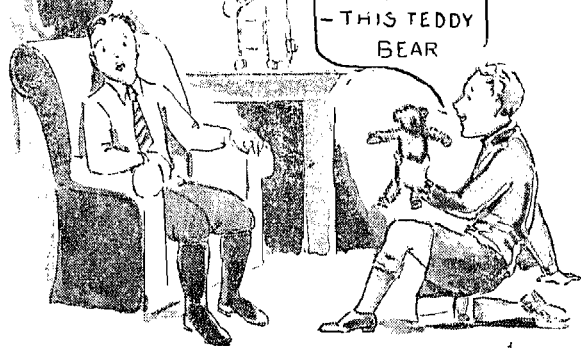
WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, BOYS IT WAS SPLENDID

6

I CAN HARDLY WAIT

WE LOVED DOING IT WE WANTED EVERYONE TO BE HAPPY THIS XMAS

8





The Christmas
WAR CRY
1931